



ERIE
#24
NOV

ERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE

FOR A BLOOD CHILLING SURPRISE---HEAD FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE!

**THE IMMORTALITY SEEKER
SCAVANGER HUNT**

**... All written
and illustrated
by the World's Best
Suspense-Masters!**



50¢



EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

HO, HUM, FEAR FANS, ANOTHER PAGE FROM MY TERROR TOME CALCULATED TO KEEP YOU CREEPS FROM COUNTING SHEEPS! (YAWN!) TIME FOR OLE CUZ TO TURN IN... PERCHANCE TO SLEEP...

PERCHANCE TO DREAM!?

DO DREAMS PREDICT THE FUTURE?

FOR A DREAM TO DETAIL AN EVENT THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS LATER IS RARE AND USUALLY PASSED OFF AS COINCIDENCE. MODERN SCIENCE HAS JUST BEGUN TO INVESTIGATE THESE COINCIDENCES, AND HISTORY IS FULL OF THEM!

ON TWO SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS BEFORE THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE SUPER LINER **TITANIC**, APRIL 12, 1912, AN ENGLISHMAN WHO HAD BOOKED PASSAGE DREAMED THAT HE SAW THE SHIP SINKING AND PEOPLE STRUGGLING IN THE WATER. THE GENTLEMAN POSTPONED HIS SAILING AND, AS IS WELL KNOWN, THE **TITANIC** WENT DOWN WITH THE LOSS OF OVER 1500 LIVES!

COINCIDENCE IS UNLIKELY HERE FOR HE DREAMT THE SAME PREMONITION TWO NIGHTS IN SUCCESSION!



ABRAHAM LINCOLN EXPERIENCED A PRECOGNITIVE DREAM A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION WHICH DETAILED EVENTS AFTER HIS DEATH! HE DREAMED THAT HE HEARD PEOPLE SOBBING, WENT FROM ROOM TO ROOM WITHOUT SEEING ANYBODY AND FINALLY ARRIVED IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE A BODY WAS LYING IN STATE. THE PRESIDENT ASKED A GUARD, WHO HAD DIED. HE WAS TOLD, "THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN!"

THERE WERE SEVERAL WITNESSES TO MR. LINCOLN'S RECITAL OF HIS STRANGE SOMBER DREAM.



tom.sutton 7/83

EERIE

NO. 24

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



Just got finished with ish #22 and I rate it between fair and good. There is no doubt about it, the best story in this magazine was, PERMANENT MEMBERS. It was great and I really got a kick out of it. Only a deranged mind like yours could conjure up such a story, it was superb! As for the other stories: H2O WORLD, SCOOP-ED, THE SPIRIT OF THE THING, THE DEVIL TO PAY and last but not least, FAMILY CURSE were fair to good also. One thing, where was the back issue page? You forgot to put it in. And tell the guy who handles your back issue department to snap it up will you, he's SLOW! We still love you!
EDDY SOLLOWAY,
Norfolk, Va.

Snap it up? ... what do you think we're running down here, Ed ... a crocodile farm? With the clunkers we've got clomping around our rage, cage, you're lucky you got the rot you got! Keep the faith baby, by the time you read this plead, your lore should be at your door. Knock ... knock ...

Well, to start off with I could sure tell EERIE #22 looked like a repeat issue. I bought it anyway. The cover by Vic Prezio was the best I've ever seen him do, and it would have been lots better if you hadn't bordered it. Can't you guys see that if you border your covers you're shutting off great artwork by your artists? What ever happened to Frazetta, Morrow, Orlando, Torres, etc? The only time I ever see them is in repeats. I can't see why you and your uncle CREEPY don't use some lore on flying saucers since some of

your stories are science fiction. Why don't you expand your letters page instead of putting in crummy reprints? H2O WORLD was a good story with good art to match, but of course it was a reprint. FAMILY CURSE wasn't any good and the art was also bad. THE DEVIL TO PAY was another reprint. PERMANENT MEMBERS had the best art this issue (for a new story), Sutton's, new style of panels is great. The story though was a build up to a stupid ending. Why don't you expand the pages of EERIE FAN FARE? "SCOOPED" had disgusting artwork and story alike. "THE SPIRIT OF THE THING" was another reprint. If you guys can't think up new stories, why don't you just cram each issue with new advertisements? Was I shocked to read that there was to be a new magazine out similar to EERIE and CREEPY! You're not ready for it! Please, please don't fill it with reprints and don't bring it out at all if it means reprinting other stories. Your magazine use to have 68 pages in it, now it is only 60. You and your uncle give silly answers to people with serious questions, when are you going to shape up? Please don't use bright colors on your cover scenes; gloomy colors are more appropriate. Also, increase your book to 68 pages again.

RICHARD CLARK
Perkin, Indiana



Com'on Dick, don't be a drag ... a drag, mag ain't my kind of bag! A little gagging between gurgles never hurt a guy ... so giggle it up, fella ... you may find out you LIKE it!

Just read issue #22 and I think it was great! Your cover was a very good one. MONSTER GALLERY was interesting. H2O WORLD was a good reprint. "FAMILY CURSE" was strange, but I liked it. "THE DEVIL TO PAY" was good and had a good, snap ending. "PERMANENT MEMBERS" was by far the best story of the issue, but Mr. Sutton's art was below par. "SCOOPED" had a good ending and the art was great. "THE SPIRIT OF THE THING" was sure spooky, but the artwork was simply awful. SAY CUZ, who is UNCLE CREEPY'S visitor? Is she going to have a mag of her own?

KEVIN ROSE,
Davenport, Iowa



Gasp ... I've just SEEN her, Kevin ... and take my word for it, a nip in the neck is nothing compared to this mind tearing, daring, damsel who's out to get you ... ALL! You'll flip over her flapping,

but watch out! ... when she is good VAPIRELLA is SWELLA, but when she is bad, she is FLORID!!!

I've only been lucky enough to get five issues of EERIE #11, 18, 20, 21 and 22, but I'm expecting four more in my subscription order. Of them all, issue #22 had to be the best. Let's go over the contents. Cover—good, but why do a cover for a reprinted story? MONSTER GALLERY—another reprint. H2O WORLD—a reprint from way back in CREEPY #1, but I read about it in the letters section of CREEPY #2 so it's like a new story to me. Only thing, it didn't have a surprise ending. "FAMILY CURSE"—pretty good. T. Casey Brennan looks like he can write. "THE DEVIL TO PAY"—a reprint from CREEPY #11, but still excellent. "PERMANENT MEMBERS" was by far the best story in this issue. Parente's plot was great and Tom Sutton has improved greatly. "SCOOP-ED"—another masterpiece by Parente. Ernie Colon has become one of my favorite artists. "THE SPIRIT OF THE THING"—a reprint from CREEPY #9, but still great. And what do I see on page 58? UNCLE CREEPY and you have a relative coming out with her own magazine? You have enough trouble with just you two! Who's it going to be this time?

BEN BERKOWITZ
Brooklyn, N.Y.



Just keep biding your time, Benny buddy ... when our biting, bundle begins to trundle, you're just not going to believe it, baby! Mmmm ... MM!

Great, just great! Issue #22 did it! Starting with each story, in order of rating, "SCOOPED," "FAMILY CURSE," "PERMANENT MEMBERS," H2O WORLD, "THE DEVIL TO PAY," and last was "THE SPIRIT OF THE THING". On page 58 you announced a new member. Does this mean another great mag like CREEPY and EERIE (maybe better) is about to arrive?

DAVID PELLEGRINO
Grovesville, N.Y.



I can see that our fanged, little female is REALLY going to be a pain in the neck ... as well as getting on my nerves! Enough already with the quiz, WHIZ KIDS! Just keep peeping for her FIRST, exhilarating, issue on sale JULY.

Issue #22 turned out to be another masterpiece. Its cover rating was excellent. Prezio's talents showed up

better on this cover than the less appealing one we saw on issue #21. Another great improvement this issue was the reprints went down to only two. It makes us older fans feel a lot better. The art this issue was also better. Williamson's and Krenkel's work on "H2O WORLD" was superb. Because of its artful quality, Krenkel's "The Minotaur" (from MONSTER GALLERY) was worth reviewing again. As for the best story this time, I'll have to say "SCOOP-ED" took the title. I've noticed lately that Parente's scripts are getting better. Since it's always good to have a variety of styles, keep printing the works of other writers too. It was wonderful news to read that you are going to announce the winners of your contest next issue. You can be sure I'll be writing anxiously. I was also glad to read that another member will be joining your clan. I can't wait to see her. I thought I was going to close my letter here, but I feel there is something I must tell you. Ever since I picked up my first EERIE and CREEPY three and a half years ago, I have had an abundance of enjoyment reading your mags. I cannot express the feeling of joy I get whenever I receive another issue in the mail. I have always been fascinated by the types of tales you print in your books, and when I discovered you two, I knew I was in for a bit of great entertainment. I have never seen a magazine that has equalled an EERIE or a CREEPY, and I don't think I ever will. Now that you're on the right track again, I will continue to read your great magazines with even more enthusiasm. Thanks.

BRAD CANNADY
Oxford, N. C.



Keep blowing your whistle, GLAD BRAD ... the toilers down here in the boilers are mighty happy to hear you cheer! We'll keep our train of terror chugging along ALL the time, if you promise to buy a ticket to ride, EVERY time! In the meantime, while you're stoking our staking ... we hope you won't mind us cranking a thanking your way. Thanx!



Want to write us?
Address your poison pen letters to:
EERIE LETTERS,
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017



LASH DOWN THE WAIL SAILS AND WEIGH ANCHOR ... R. MATES! WE'RE CASTIN' OFF FOR A SEAFARIN' SCARING THAT'LL LINE YOUR SPINE WITH SOME BRISTLING BRINE ... SO TAKE CARE, MATES, DON'T LET THE FOG GROW YOUR NOGGIN' AS WE ...

HEAD FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE!



ELY HATCHER COULD SMELL THE SCORCHED CANNONS THAT BELCHED METAL DEATH TOWARD THEIR TARGET. RIGGING CRASHED AROUND HIS MEMORY AS HIS MIND IMAGINED FURTHER INTO HIS FURIOUS FABLE...

BELOW THEM IN SWIRLING SCARLET, BATTLE CARNAGE THAT HAD SLIPPED FROM THE SPLINTERED DECKS SANK BENEATH THE GRAVE OF A WATERY DEATH.



BOARD 'ER, YOU SCURVY SONS OF SEA WENCHES!

WE'LL TAKE 'ER CARGO FOR TREASURE!



THE BILGE RATS ARE TURNIN' MEN... GIVE IT TO 'EM!

AT 'EM, MATES ... WE'LL BLOW 'EM FROM THE WATER!

BARKING MUSKETS RAKED THE DECKS WITH MURDER, SHATTERING THE HIGH NOON WITH EACH VOLLEY. ABOVE THE SAILORS THE BLACK SKULLED BANNER HUNG IN TATTERS FROM THE MAST... FOR THIS TIME NO GOLDEN BOOTY WOULD BE WON!

ELY WATCHED THE FLAMING VESSEL EXPLODE IN ONE FINAL THUNDERCLAP... BITS OF HUMAN WRECKAGE SPEWED ALL OVER THE BUBBLING OCEAN.

WE WON 'EM,
WE DID...
WE WON!

GEE CAPTAIN ELY,
WAS IT REALLY
LIKE THAT BACK
IN THOSE DAYS?
ALL THAT FIGHTIN'
AND STUFF...

DID YOU
EVER KILL
A PIRATE,
CAPTAIN
ELY...

... MAYBE FIND A
BURIED TREASURE,
HUH, CAPTAIN!

DID I EVER... WHY
MATES, I SLIPPED MY
OLD SWORD THROUGH
SO MANY OF THEM
BEGGARS I CAN
HARDLY COUNT
THEM ALL!

GEE WHIZ!... THAT
MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHIN'!

AND TREASURE... WHY
THERE'S SO MUCH BURIED
RIGHT AROUND HERE, WE
COULDN'T CARRY IT ALL
IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

WE'LL HELP
YOU DIG IT
UP CAPTAIN,
WON'T WE
FELLAS?

YOU BET...
PARTNERS,
RIGHT CAPTAIN
ELY?

WHEN CAN WE FIND
IT, CAPTAIN ELY...
YOU GONNA TELL US
WHERE IT IS?

HEAR THOSE
GULLS MATEYS...?
THEY'RE TELLIN'
ME I BETTER
GET THE LIGHT
READY...
TOMORROW'S
ANOTHER DAY
TO HUNT FOR
TREASURE!

AWWW... YOU
MEAN WE
HAVE TO
WAIT ALL
THE WAY
'TILL THEN?

DON'T FORGET
TO WATCH
FOR MY
SIGNAL BOYS!
TWO FLICKERS
IF EVERY-
THING'S WELL...

... AND THREE
IF THERE'S
TROUBLE!
WE WON'T
FORGET...
SEE YA
TOMORROW
CAPTAIN!

THESE WERE HAPPY MOMENTS OF DAY DREAMING FOR ELY... AND HE LOVED FILLING THEIR MINDS WITH THE SALTY WONDERS OF THE SEA.

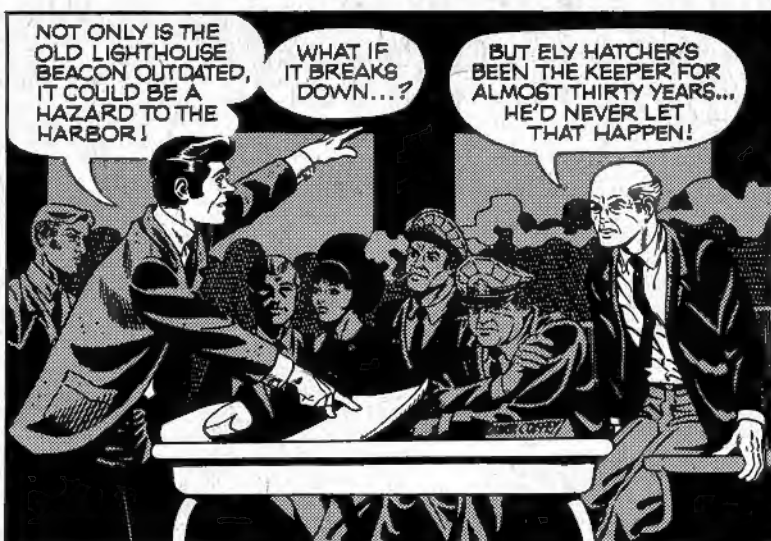


THOSE KIDS... HEH... LOVE THE SEA ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DO!

NOT ONLY IS THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE BEACON OUTDATED, IT COULD BE A HAZARD TO THE HARBOR!

WHAT IF IT BREAKS DOWN...?

BUT ELY HATCHER'S BEEN THE KEEPER FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS... HE'D NEVER LET THAT HAPPEN!



HE FELT THE WIND PINCHING HIS EARS AS IT WHISTLED IN PINWHEELS BEHIND HIM. ELY FILLED HIS MOUTH WITH THE SALT FLAVOR AND LISTENED TO THE MOANING SURF FAR BELOW THE STAIRCASE.



DANG SHOULDER'S ACTIN' UP AGIN... MUST BE A STORM COMIN'!

IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE NEW LIGHT, AN ELECTRIC WARNING LIGHT RIGHT IN CHIEF WILKE'S OFFICE, WILL ALERT HIM!

MAN MAKES SENSE MAYOR... OLD ELY ISN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER, YOU KNOW!

WELL... I DON'T KNOW MERV...



ELY HAD LIT THE OLD LANTERN THREE HUNDRED SIXTY FIVE TIMES, TWENTY EIGHT YEARS LONG, WITHOUT EVER MISSING A NIGHT. HE WAS AS MUCH A PART OF THAT LAMP, AS THE LIGHT ITSELF...



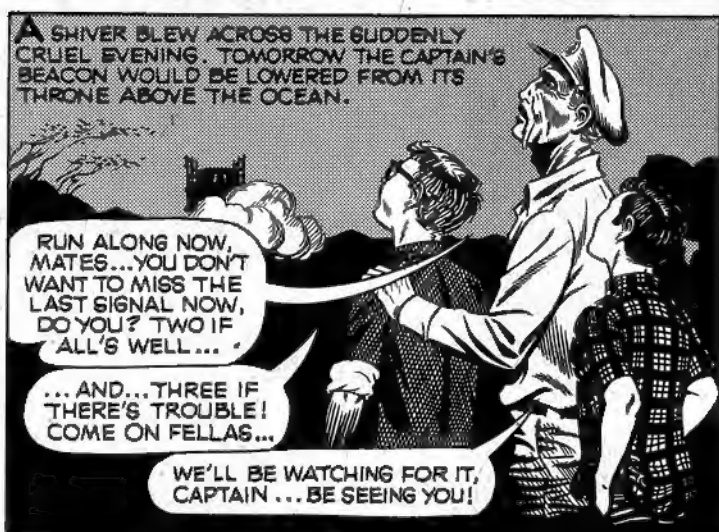
GENTLY MY FRIEND... NO FLICKERING IN THE WIND WHEN THE STORM HITS US! WAIT, I'LL TAKE OUT THE MATCHES...

...THEREFORE, FOR THE SAFETY OF THE HARBOR... A MOTION HAS BEEN MADE THAT THE OLD BEACON LIGHT BE REPLACED, AND MR. MCCALLISTER TAKE CHARGE UNTIL THE NEW ONE HAS BEEN INSTALLED!

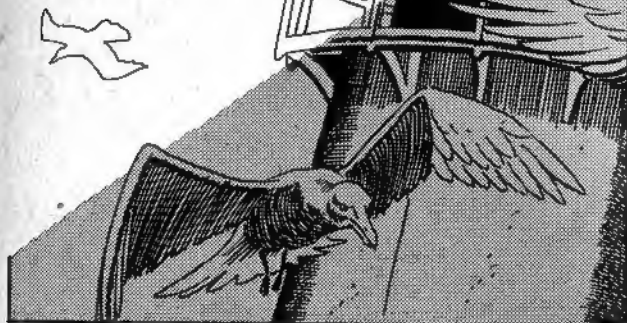
ALL IN FAVOR...



FIN-TAILED KILLERS ALERTED IN THEIR HUNGER TO THE FATE OF THE PRISONER, NOW MOVED IN SPEEDY CIRCLES NEAR THE VESSEL. ALL EYES HELD STEADY ON THE GLEAMING SWORD AS IT WAS NEARED TO THE NAKED FLESH OF THE CAPTIVE'S BACK.



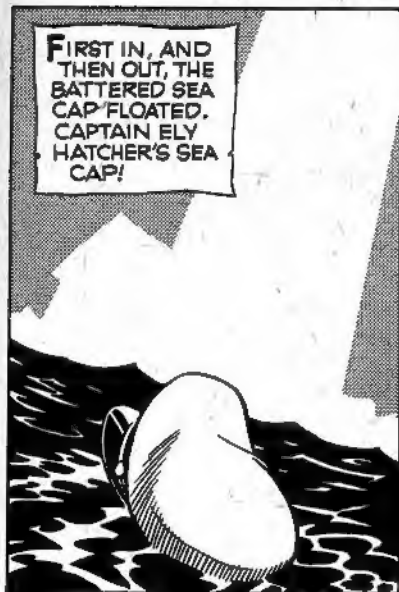
IN THE NOT QUITE
MORNING MIST...
SHRIEKING GULLS
SCATTERED INSULTS
INTO THE WIND.
A STRANGE STILL-
NESS BROUGHT THEIR
SCREAMS OF INSTINCT
INTO THE GREY
MORNING.



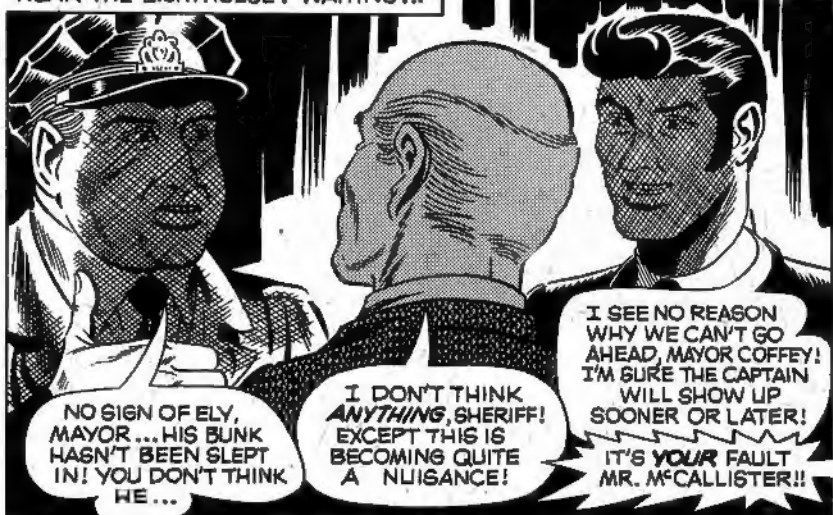
FAR BELOW THE
TIMELESS SLAPPING
OF THE TIDE,
A GLINT OF SALT
TARNISHED METAL
FLASHED UP
THROUGH THE
FOAMING WAVES.



FIRST IN, AND
THEN OUT, THE
BATTERED SEA
CAP FLOATED.
CAPTAIN ELY
HATCHER'S SEA
CAP!



ONLY THE BOYS SEEMED TO SENSE THE TRUTH. WAS CAPTAIN ELY REALLY...
DEAD... OR WAS HE WAITING FOR HIS MOMENT OF REVENGE, SOMEWHERE
NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE? WAITING...



NO SIGN OF ELY,
MAYOR... HIS BUNK
HASN'T BEEN SLEPT
IN! YOU DON'T THINK
HE...

I DON'T THINK
ANYTHING, SHERIFF!
EXCEPT THIS IS
BECOMING QUITE
A NUISANCE!

I SEE NO REASON
WHY WE CAN'T GO
AHEAD, MAYOR COFFEY!
I'M SURE THE CAPTAIN
WILL SHOW UP
SOONER OR LATER!
IT'S YOUR FAULT
MR. McALLISTER!!

EVERYTHING WAS FINE
UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG!
THAT STUPID LIGHT OF
YOURS...

AND NOW THE
CAPTAIN'S GONE!
JUST WAIT...



...THE CAPTAIN
WON'T LET YOU
RUIN EVERYTHING!
JUST WAIT!



"I TELL YOU MAYOR, EVER SINCE WE STARTED WORKING ON THAT BATTERED OLD BEACON, WE'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE!"



"TWO OF MY MEN KILLED, ACCIDENTALLY! THREE WEEKS WASTED ON A JOB THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN FINISHED IN THREE DAYS! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE...?"



I'LL ADMIT IT'S STRANGE, MR. M'CALLISTER, BUT WHAT CAN I DO? CAN'T HELP ACCIDENTS FROM HAPPENING, CAN I...?



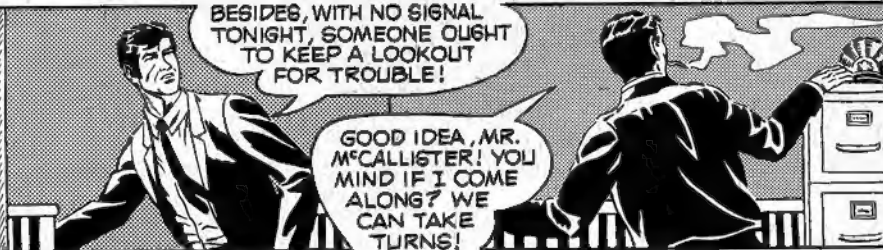
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HOOK UP THE NEW CIRCUIT UNTIL TOMORROW!

I'M SPENDING THE NIGHT IN THE TOWER, JUST IN CASE...



BESIDES, WITH NO SIGNAL TONIGHT, SOMEONE OUGHT TO KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR TROUBLE!

GOOD IDEA, MR. M'CALLISTER! YOU MIND IF I COME ALONG? WE CAN TAKE TURNS!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A STORMY NIGHT!

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, MR. M'CALLISTER! WE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH UP THERE! FROM THE LOOKS OF THOSE CLOUDS...



...I'D GUESS IT'LL BE OVER BY MORNING!



SOFT PIECES OF SPONGY FLESH FELL FROM THE CREATURE'S BONES INTO THE SWIRLING WATER. ONLY AN AGONIZED SOBBS STIRRED FROM ITS SALT CAKED BODY... WOBBLING FROM THE PRISON OF THE SEA!



SLOWLY THE SEAWEED WRAPPED BODY STUMBLED TOWARD THE TOWER STAIRS... WITHERED ARMS REACHING TOWARD THE RAILING. IT KNEW THE LIGHT HAD TO BE REACHED FOR THE STORM!

DID... DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING, JUST THEN? SORT OF A MOAN!

PROBABLY JUST THE WIND... QUIT WORRYING, WILL YOU... AND MOVE!



PAINFULLY IT DRAGGED ITSELF, STEP UPON STEP, SHUFFLING TOWARD THE GLOWING LIGHT WHICH SLIPPED BE- NEATH THE CRACK OF THE DOORWAY. JUST BEYOND WAS THE BEACON... INCHES PAST THE WOOD THRESHOLD.



FAMILIAR VOICES STOPPED TELLING THEIR TERROR AS THE FLESHLESS FINGERS BEHIND THE DOOR REACHED FOR THE BOLT- LATCH! IT HAD TO GET TO THE LIGHT...

YOU GOT ONE MORE CHANCE TO SPEAK UP, WHOEVER YOU ARE! NEXT TIME I'LL BE SHOOTING THROUGH THAT DOOR!



MY GOD... THE BEACON... IT'S COME FOR THE BEACON!

GOD... NO... IT CAN'T BE... GGYAAAAHHH!



PLEASE... SOB... PLEASE... GASP...



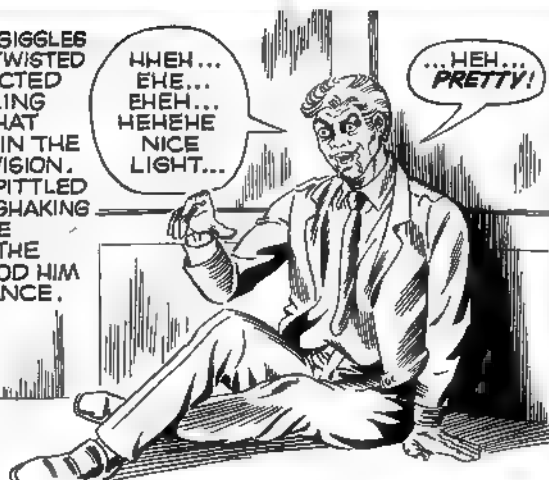
SEE... I TOLD YOU I SAW IT! CAPTAIN ELY'S SIGNAL! TWO FLICKERS FOR ALL'S WELL!

LET'S GET UP THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

HELPLESS GIGGLES FROM A TWISTED MIND REFLECTED THE DAZZLING BEACON THAT REVOLVED IN THE DEPUTY'S VISION. INSANITY SPITTED DOWN HIS SHAKING CHIN AS HE WATCHED THE LIGHT FLOOD HIM IN BRILLIANCE.

HEH... EHE... HEHEHE NICE LIGHT...

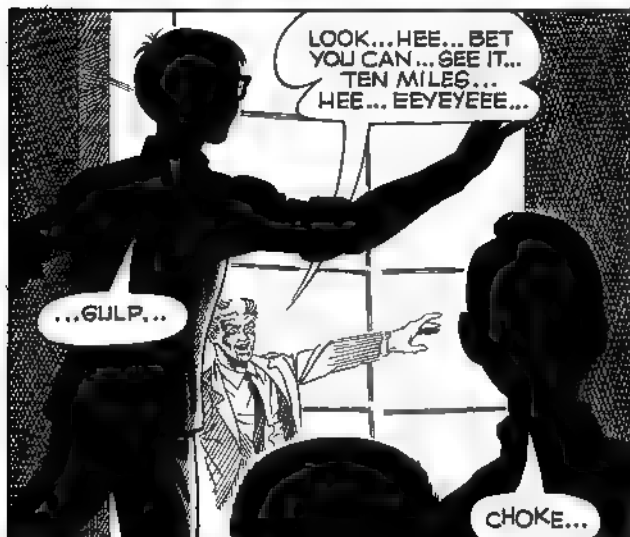
...HEH! PRETTY!



W...WHAT'S THAT?

SS...SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY... LAUGHING!

QUICK... IT'S COMING FROM THE TOWER!



LOOK...HEE... BET YOU CAN...SEE IT... TEN MILES... HEE... EEEYEEEE...

...GULP...

CHOKE...

SLOWLY THE HUMAN BEACON REVOLVED, LIGHT POURING FROM THE HOLLOW THAT ONCE WERE McALLISTER'S EYES! CAPTAIN ELY HAD HIS LANTERN BACK...TYKE AND ALLAN WERE SICK... AND NONE OF THE BOYS EVER RETURNED TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AGAIN.



NOR DID ANYONE ELSE...*EVER!* WORK ON THE NEW BEACON WAS NEVER COMPLETED, YET EACH NIGHT, A FAINT LIGHT WOULD APPEAR IN THE TOWER. BEFORE BURNING THROUGH THE NIGHT, IT WOULD FLICKER TWICE INTO THE DARKNESS. NO ONE KNEW HOW IT CAME TO BE THERE...AND NO ONE WENT TO FIND OUT!



OKAY *FRIGHTS*...IT'S LIGHTS OUT FOR NOW, BUT I WON'T EVEN *CHARGE* YOU FOR THAT LAST BLAST OF *A-SALT* AND *BATTERY!* JUST KEEP A CANDLE HANDY NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO PUT SOME SHIMMER INTO YOUR GLIMMERS! *6NERF 6NERF...*



AUSTRIA, IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY... AS THE SUN SETS, A GROUP OF VILLAGERS MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROAD FROM THEIR CEMETERY. THEIR HEADS ARE BOWED IN GRIEF AND FEAR...AND NONE REALIZE THAT SOON THEY WILL BE IN...

PURSUIT OF THE VAMPIRE!

THEY TOLD ME AT THE INN MOST OF THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE WERE UP HERE. WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHY ARE YOU LEAVING THE CEMETERY?

THEN THEY MUST HAVE TOLD YOU OF THE TWO GIRLS WE'VE BURIED AND HOW THEY DIED!

BLOOD DRAINED FROM THEIR BODIES NO TIME FOR MOURNING IN CEMETERIES WITH A KILLER ABOUT!

WE'RE TO MEET THE BURGERMEISTER AT SUNDOWN. HE'LL ORGANIZE US TO SEARCH THE VILLAGE AND COUNTRYSIDE!

BEST TO JOIN US, STRANGER A MAN BY HIMSELF IS HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS!

DON'T YOU PEOPLE REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST? MY HOME WAS DESTROYED BY A MENACE LIKE THIS! YOU WON'T BE HUNTING AN ORDINARY KILLER... THIS IS THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!

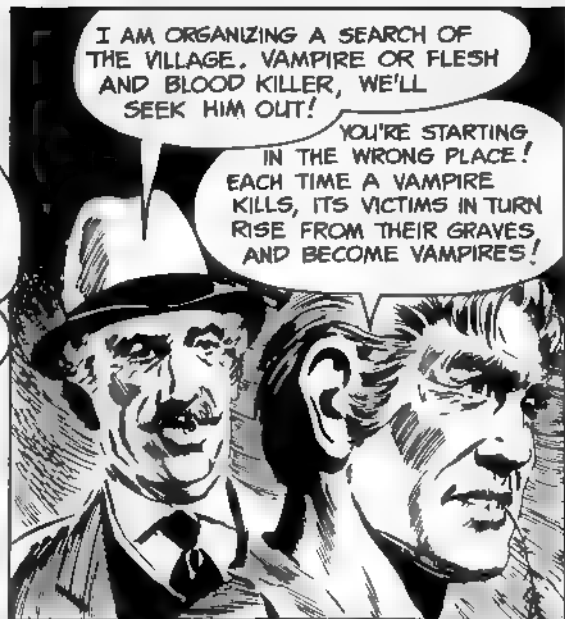
VAMPIRE?!



HERR BURGERMEISTER!

YOU WERE TO MEET ME IN THE VILLAGE! I FIND YOU ON THE ROAD BABBLING LIKE CHILDREN OF SUPERSTITIOUS DEMONS!

BELIEVE ME, BURGERMEISTER, VAMPIRES ARE REAL! THEIR TERROR CHASED LIFE OUT OF MY NATIVE VILLAGE. LISTEN TO ME AND WE CAN PREVENT THE SAME FROM HAPPENING HERE!



I AM ORGANIZING A SEARCH OF THE VILLAGE. VAMPIRE OR FLESH AND BLOOD KILLER, WE'LL SEEK HIM OUT!

YOU'RE STARTING IN THE WRONG PLACE! EACH TIME A VAMPIRE KILLS, ITS VICTIMS IN TURN RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES AND BECOME VAMPIRES!



YOU BURIED THE TWO WOMEN UP THERE! REST ASSURED, TWO VAMPIRES ARE IN THEIR PLACE! THERE IS WHERE THE HUNT BEGINS!

STALK IN A CEMETERY BY N-NIGHT?

FOR V-VAMPIRES?!!



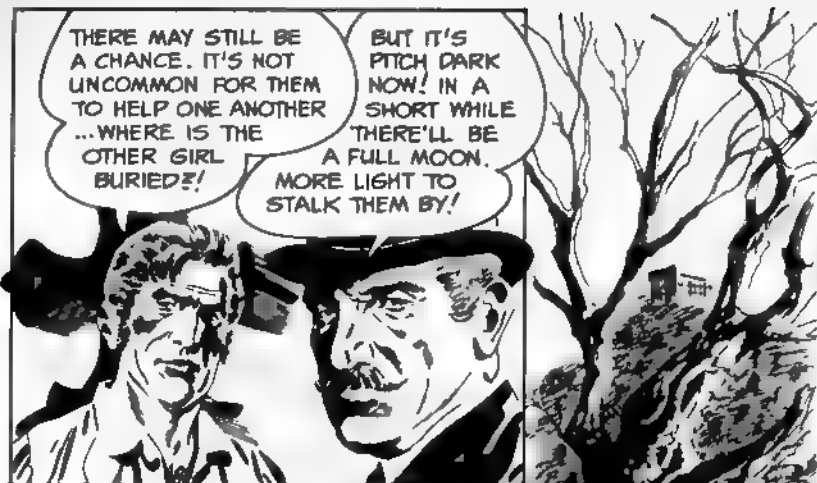
THE LIGHT IS ALL BUT GONE! VAMPIRES RISE AT SUNSET... PRAY THESE GIRLS HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO GET FREE OF THEIR GRAVES!

THERE! BY THE TREE IS WHERE THE FIRST WAS BURIED!



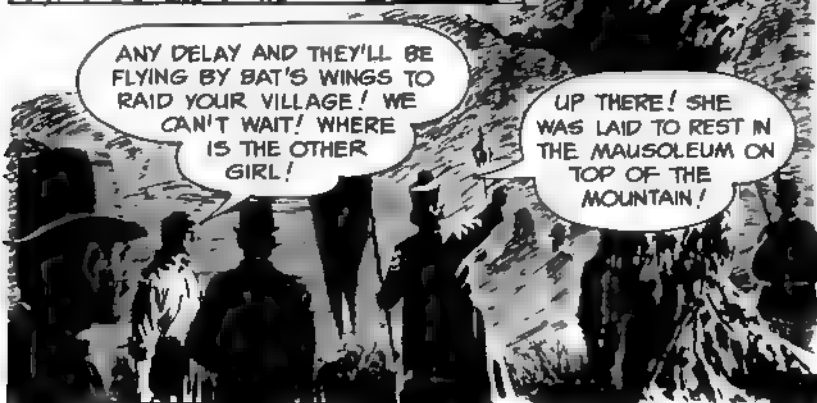
TOO LATE!

EMPTY! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



THERE MAY STILL BE A CHANCE. IT'S NOT UNCOMMON FOR THEM TO HELP ONE ANOTHER ...WHERE IS THE OTHER GIRL BURIED?!

BUT IT'S PITCH DARK NOW! IN A SHORT WHILE THERE'LL BE A FULL MOON. MORE LIGHT TO STALK THEM BY!



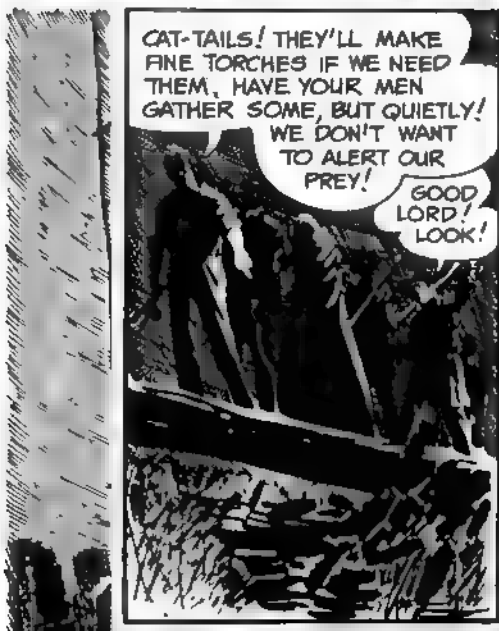
ANY DELAY AND THEY'LL BE FLYING BY BAT'S WINGS TO RAID YOUR VILLAGE! WE CAN'T WAIT! WHERE IS THE OTHER GIRL!

UP THERE! SHE WAS LAID TO REST IN THE MAUSOLEUM ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!



YOU PICKED UP TWO OF THE LARGE SPLINTERED PIECES FROM THE GIRL'S COFFIN ... WHY?

IT'S MY HOPE THAT LATER I'LL FIND EXCELLENT USE FOR THEM!



CAT-TAILS! THEY'LL MAKE FINE TORCHES IF WE NEED THEM. HAVE YOUR MEN GATHER SOME, BUT QUIETLY! WE DON'T WANT TO ALERT OUR PREY!

GOOD LORD! LOOK!





QUICKLY! YOU MEN WITH GUNS CAN SHOOT HER BEFORE SHE'S INSIDE!

NO! KEEP STILL! YOUR BULLETS ARE USELESS. SHE'LL JUST FLY AWAY! BUT INSIDE... SHE AND HER FRIENDS ARE TRAPPED!



BUT IF GUNS ARE NO GOOD, HOW CAN WE FIGHT THESE CREATURES!

A WOODEN STAKE IN THE VAMPIRE'S HEART!



GO INTO THE MAUSOLEUM... WITH GUNS *USELESS!!!*

FIGHT SATAN'S DEMONS WITH ONLY WOODEN STICKS? YOU ASK TOO MUCH!

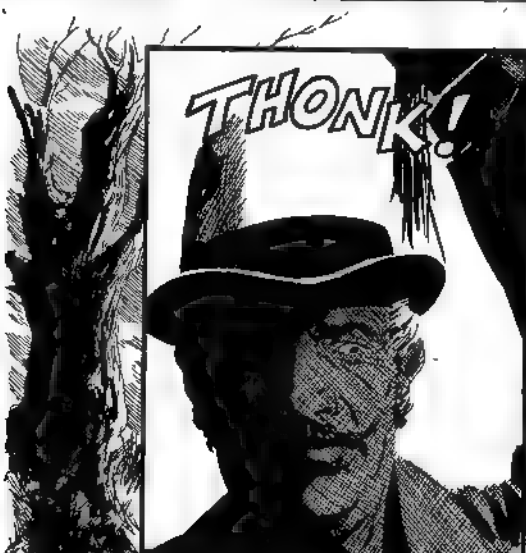
IT HAS TO BE DONE, BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY OF YOU ANYWAY. LEAVE IT TO THE BURGERMEISTER AND ME. GET TO THE VILLAGE AND PROTECT YOUR HOMES IF WE FAIL!

I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY AS VILLAGE LEADER TO DO THIS. BUT WHY SHOULD YOU, A STRANGER, RISK YOUR LIFE?

THEY MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO LIVE IN MY HOME! PERHAPS NOW I CAN LIVE HERE... WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, LIGHT YOUR TORCH AND THRUST IT IN THE DOOR...



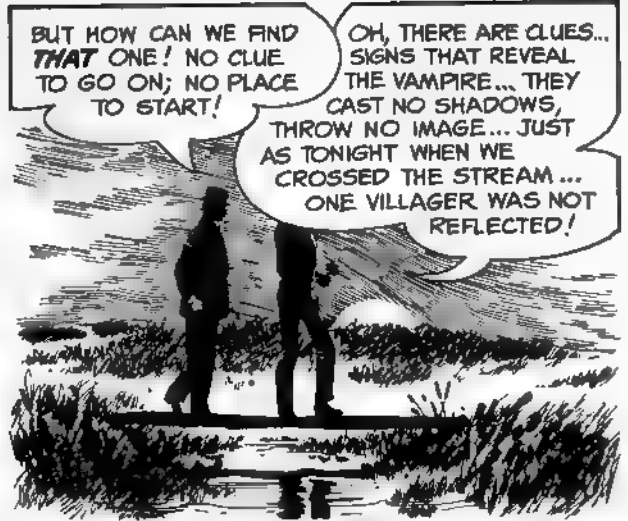
NOW! INSIDE! QUICKLY! SHE'S TRYING TO GET THE OTHER OUT OF THE CASKET!





A FINE NIGHT'S WORK!
THE MOON IS JUST COMING
OVER THE MOUNTAIN AND
THE VAMPIRES HAVE
ALREADY BEEN
DISPATCHED!

NOT QUITE,
BURGERMEISTER,
SOMEONE ATTACKED
THOSE GIRLS AND
MADE THEM VAMPIRES
... HE STILL ROAMS!



BUT HOW CAN WE FIND
THAT ONE! NO CLUE
TO GO ON; NO PLACE
TO START!

OH, THERE ARE CLUES...
SIGNS THAT REVEAL
THE VAMPIRE... THEY
CAST NO SHADOWS,
THROW NO IMAGE... JUST
AS TONIGHT WHEN WE
CROSSED THE STREAM...
ONE VILLAGER WAS NOT
REFLECTED!



YOU, BURGERMEISTER!
YOU CAST NO
REFLECTION IN
THE WATER!

YOU ARE TOO
OBSERVANT, MY
FRIEND! YOU SHOULD
HAVE BEEN SATISFIED
WITH THOSE TWO GIRLS
I ALLOWED YOU TO KILL!



NOW, FOR YOUR
MEDDLING, YOU
ARE GOING
TO DIE!

THE GREED
OF THE
VAMPIRE! THE
BLOODLUST!
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT,
ANOTHER VICTIM...
I CAN'T LET YOU
DESTROY THIS
VILLAGE!



I NEED IT FOR
MYSELF! EVERY
FULL MOON!

CARE TO TAKE A
MOONLIGHT STROLL?
...NO? ALL RIGHT,
CHICKENS... BUT,
BUILD UP YOUR
COURAGE! YOU'LL
NEED IT.



The End

BREEZE INTO THE ZOOM ROOM, REEK SEEKERS... WHILE WE FIND OUT WHAT ROT, WAITS OUR CONFUSION IN THIS PROFUSION OF DELUSION CALLED...

THE IMMORTALITY SEEKER

THE PILOT DIDN'T LOOK BACK AS HE CRAWLED FROM THE USELESS BULLET IN WHICH HE CAME TO THIS EMPTY HUNK OF SPACE ROCK. HE PULLED HIS INJURED FORM SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY FROM THE SMOKING VEHICLE, UNTIL HE WAS SAFE, OR WAS HE?



HE NEVER LET HIS GAZE DROP FROM THE MONSTER, AS IF HE WERE TRYING TO INSTILL FEAR IN IT. WITH STEADY PRECISION HE INSERTED AN AMMO-CYLINDER INTO HIS NUCLEO-PISTOL...

HIS HELMET WASN'T WORKING CORRECTLY OR HE'D HAVE HEARD THE MONSTER COMING MUCH SOONER. BUT HE WAS TIRED AND HE LAY THERE, UNTIL HE SAW THE FACE OF THE UNEARTHLY CREATURE THERE... ABOVE HIM!

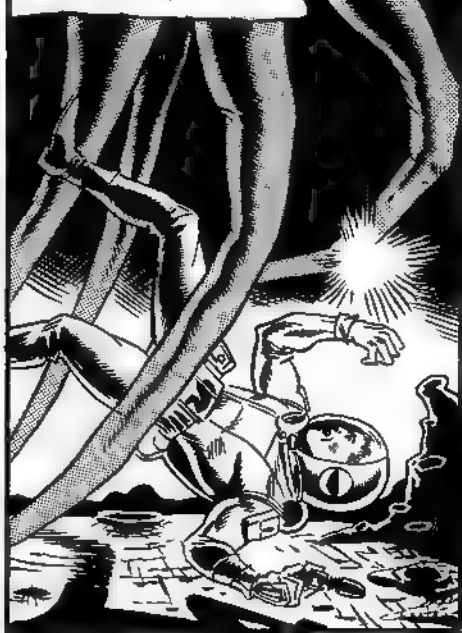


ART BY TOM SUTTON/STORY BY JAMES HAGGENMILLER

THE MONSTER WAS AN UGLY, HIDEOUS THING, MADDENED BY THE PRESENCE OF AN INTRUDER FROM ANOTHER PLANET.



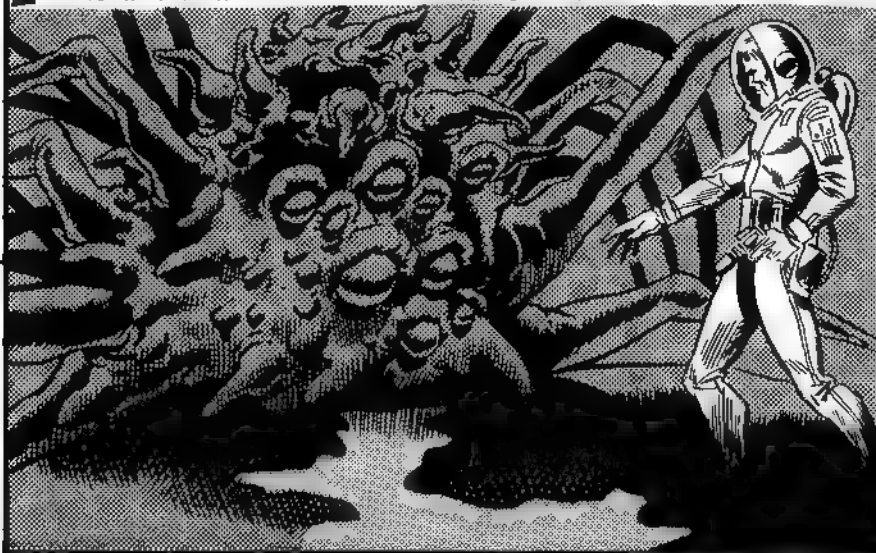
BEFORE THE PILOT COULD REACT HE WAS ASSAULTED BY A GREAT BLOW FROM ONE OF ITS CLAWS, CONSCIOUSNESS DRIVEN FROM HIS BODY BY IT...



AMAZINGLY, THE HUMAN SURVIVED THE ATTACK. UNSURE THAT HE WOULD SURVIVE ANOTHER, HE AIMED HIS WEAPON AND FIRED...



FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMED THAT THE BLAST WAS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO KILL THE BEAST. THEN, THE THING SWAYED LIKE A TREE IN THE WIND, CRASHING TO THE GROUND WITH A LARGE HOLE IN ITS BREAST...



THE EARTHLING STUDIED HIS DEADLY HANDIWORK WITH A WEARY EYE. THE MONSTER WAS JUST ONE OF THE MENACES THAT HE HAD FACED IN HIS QUEST OF THE UNIVERSE'S GREATEST SECRET...
IMMORTALITY!



HIS MIND BEGAN TO FLY BACK, BACK TO **EARTH...**
BACK TO A LITTLE CAFE IN THE CENTRAL CITY
SPACEPORT...



HOW CLEVER HE WAS WAITING FOR THE TWO MEN
TO FINISH THEIR TALK AND FOR THE YOUNGER
MAN TO ENTER THE DARK ALLEY. HOW CLEVER
IT WAS TO WAIT UNTIL HE WAS ALONE TO **ATTACK!**



BACK TO A CONVERSATION HE HAD NO BUSINESS
LISTENING TO,



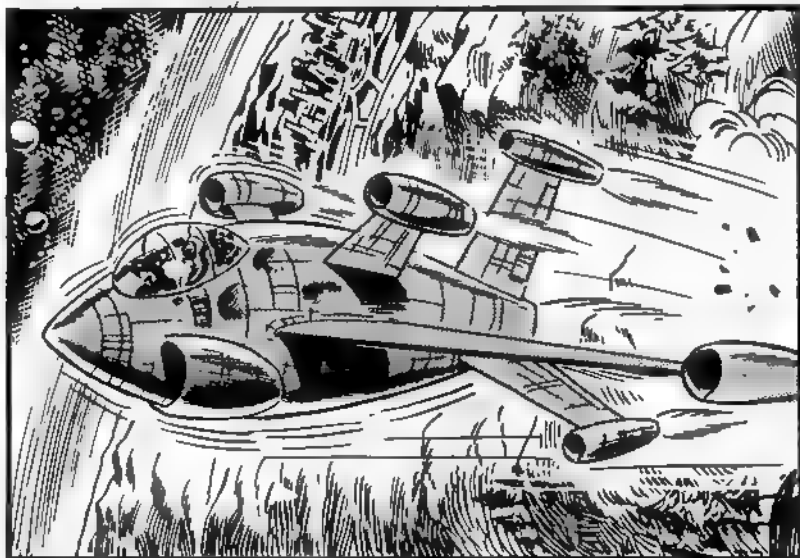
HED STRUCK THE UNSUSPECTING VICTIM, SHATTERING
HIS DREAMS AND HIS SKULL. FROM HIM HE TOOK
HIS LIFE AND HIS **SECRET!**



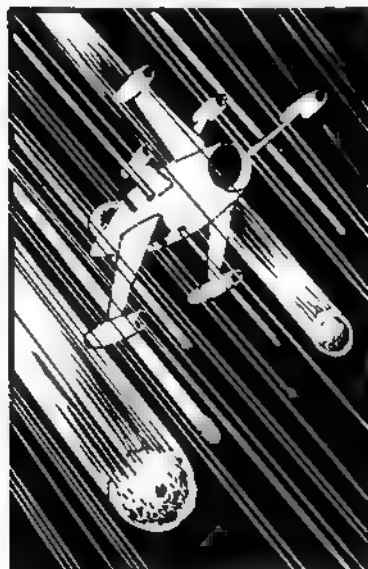
HE REMEMBERED SELLING ALL HIS POSSESSIONS TO FINANCE THE EXPEDITION, HE REMEMBERED PIECING TOGETHER HIS EQUIPMENT AND PAYING HIGH PRICES FOR INFERIOR GOODS...



HIS MEMORY ENDED WITH THE LAUNCH OF A CHEAP SECOND-HAND SPACESHIP IN AN ABANDONED VALLEY TO AVOID PAYING THE AUTHORITIES THE FEES INVOLVED FOR SUCH AN UNDERTAKING...



NO! NO! HIS MEMORY DID **NOT** END WITH THE LAUNCHING. HE'D NOT REACHED THE END OF HIS JOURNEY. HE REMEMBERED WHAT CAME AFTER THE TAKE-OFF. THE **METEOR SHOWERS** RIPPING THE SKIN FROM HIS OLD SHIP...



THE RADIATION WHICH THREATENED TO COOK HIM WITHIN THE SHIP...



THE INSTRUMENT MALFUNCTIONS CAUSING HIM TO LOSE HIS BEARINGS... THEREBY STRAYING FAR FROM HIS DESTINATION...



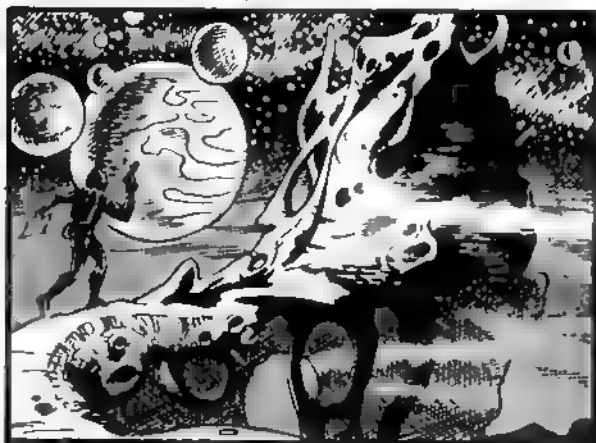
BUT WHAT HE REMEMBERS MOST IS THE THING THAT SAVED HIM... HIS **LOVE OF POWER!** THE POWER HE WOULD COMMAND WHEN HE RETURNED TO EARTH WITH HIS SECRET, AND HIS **GREED!** THE REWARDS HE WOULD GATHER FOR THE SALE OF HIS SECRET TO THOSE WHO COULD AND **WOULD** PAY!



NOW HIS MEMORIES END AND IT IS THE PRESENT AGAIN, HE SEES THE DEAD MONSTER AND SMELLS THE STINK OF IT'S BUSTED FLESH, EMOTIONS THAT DROVE HIM TO THIS MISSION RE-AWAKEN WITHIN HIM. HE REALIZES THAT HE CANNOT ATTAIN WEALTH NOR POWER WHILE HE STANDS HERE, WATCHING A THING HE DESTROYED BAKE IN THE AFTERGLOW OF *DISINTEGRATION!*



FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS OF THE MAP HE'S STOLEN, HE COMES TO THE FIRST LANDMARK: A SINGLE MOUNTAIN, JUTTING FROM THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET...



HIS PROGRESS HEIGHTENS HIS CONFIDENCE, SO MUCH SO, HE DOES NOT WATCH WHERE HE IS STEPPING... FORGETTING WHEN ONE IS ON AN ALIEN PLANET IT CAN BE *FATAL!*



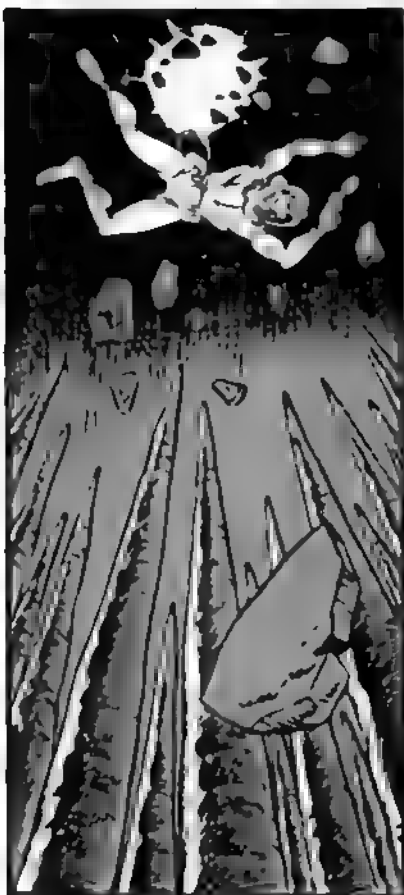
THE HUNTER GOES TO ITS BASE IN SEARCH OF THE SECOND LANDMARK WHICH WILL STEER HIM TO THE TREASURE HE SEEKS...



THERE IS LITTLE TIME FOR SCREAMING AND IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE THE EARTHMAN LEARNS HIS FATE...



A FATE WHICH WILL MAKE HIM ANOTHER MEMBER OF THOSE WHO HAVE SOUGHT THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY AND **FAKED!**



BUT THIS SEEKER IS MORE DETERMINED AND QUICK-WITTED THAN THOSE WHO HAVE COME BEFORE HIM! HE DRAWS HIS NUCLEAR-POWERED WEAPON AND DIRECTS ITS FIRE UPON THE WAITING SPEARS OF DOOM!



HIS INGENUOUS PLAN IS SUCCESSFUL! THE MOUNDS OF DUST AND STONES CUSHION HIS DESCENT, SAVING HIS LIFE...



BUT MOUNDS OF FINE DUST CANNOT SAVE HIM FROM INJURY!



GASP! IS- IS THIS HOW IT'S GOING TO END? DYIN' ON SOME CRUMMY HUNK OF SPACE ROCK? **POUGH!** COUGH! HUH? MUST BE DEATH CATCHIN' UP WITH ME! **WHEE!!** THAT SOUND...



WHEE!! IT... IT MUST BE A DREAM! I CAN'T BE SEEIN' WHAT I THINK I'M SEEIN'!

WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!! WHEE!!

COMPREHENDING HE STARES IN SILENT SHOCK AS A GIANT COMPUTER RISES FROM THE BARREN TERRAIN, IT SPEAKS IN RINGING MECHANICAL SOUNDS...

HEAR ME, HUMAN! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO TRAVERSE THE IMMENSE DISTANCES AND BRAVE THE UNMOLY TERRORS SUCCESSFULLY! YOU HAVE FOUND THAT WHICH YOU SOUGHT... IMMORTALITY IS YOURS!!



YES!
YES!
IMMORTALITY!

I CAN
FEEL
IT
WORKING!

THE HUMAN ENTERING YOUR SARCOPHAGUS IS CARBON DIOXIDE, HUMAN! IT WILL FREEZE YOU AS THE FIRST PART IN YOUR TRANSITION TO IMMORTALITY!



FREEZE!

WAIT... WHAT'S
GOING ON?!!

AS THE FIRST HUMAN EVER TO PENETRATE THIS SECTION OF THE UNIVERSE, YOUR BODY WILL BE PRESERVED AS A MONUMENT TO THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE!



NO!
NO! NOT
THIS WAY!

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

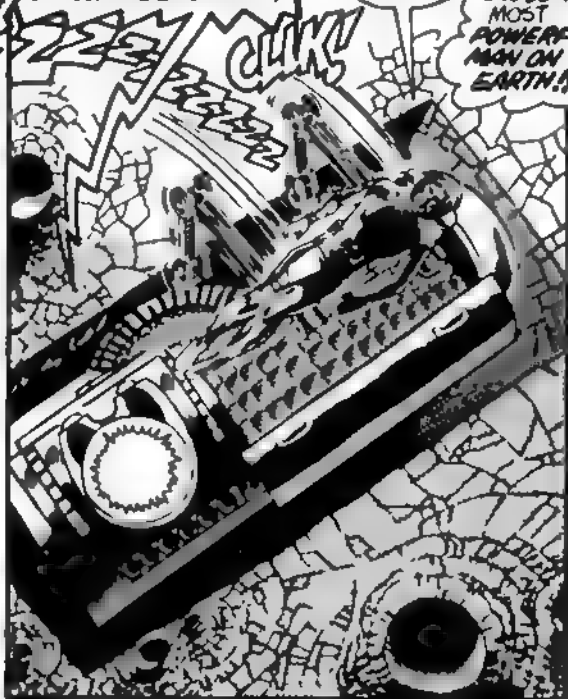
NO!

NO!

YOU AGREE? IT WILL BE DONE! FIRST YOU ARE TO BE PLACED IN THE CHAMBER OF TIMELESSNESS!

I'LL BE THE FIRST IMMORTAL MAN!

AND WHEN I GET BACK I'LL BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH!!



ALREADY MY ANTENNAE ARE TRANSMITTING YOUR AMAZING FEAT TO ALL THE UNIVERSE! YOUR NAME WILL BE IMMORTAL!

IN THE SCROLLS OF HISTORY YOU WILL LIVE FOREVER! FOREVER! FOREVER!

FOREV...
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!



BRER... THAT WAS QUITE A CHILLING CHOICE FOR OUR CHATTERING CHUMP TO MAKE. AYE SHIVER STUDENTS! LOOKS LIKE HIS PLEAS GOT THE FREEZE, BUT IT SERVES HIM RIGHT GETTING COLD FEET.





EERIE FAN FARE

Tuck your terror, napkins 'neath your chiny, chin, chins . . . BRUNCH BUNCH, and slop some skull stew from my scarefying, skillet, into your saucers! While you're slurping up the drudge-sludge, DUMBFOUNDING DONALD LAUZON, from Fall River, Ma. serves a tempting tale that warns us that a story is only as staggering as its . . .

EPILOGUE

The sky was clear except for a faint ghost of lunar past. Seas were distantly quiet in the ages of green foam. Odd, the Earth is silent except for scattered, seagulls flying. "Knock, knock, knock!" There in a summer, tree a woodpecker pecks its song. Instantly flashes into the mind, thoughts of food or bark nest. We dismiss or take advantage of simple things, simple warnings.

Our rather large, capacious house was actually a menagerie. It contained those animals which are domestic, never paranoid. Bernie, our overly playful pup, always with carried, worn out sock in mouth. When his sock was not clamped between his teeth, Bernie would wag his tail wildly and bark at something or other. The hamsters were a lazy, lot; fat creatures who only moved when darkness and silence moved over the house. The goldfish puckered their mouths to the sides of the bowl and occasionally, whenever it behaved them, made quick, sudden darts within the water.

I must at this point, impress upon you the fact that none of my animals acted unnaturally in any way. Perhaps it was Tiger, my sister's favorite pet, which became the turning point. She was black and a lithe cat to watch. Her queer way of clawing at the air and leaping high along the walls, never failed to amaze us. Often she went on for hours, leaping frantically back and forth. When we tired of her performance, even though we had left her, Tiger kept on as though she were filled with a demon! Then as suddenly as it had started, her delirium ended in exhaustion.

On one, particular, sum-



JINXING JOE KOVACS, a creature teacher from Garfield, New Jersey, jotted down some drear droodies for us to divvy up. His jazzy, jangling is one juxtaposition we wouldn't want to be in . . . or would we?

mer night, unable to sleep because of the heat and crickets, I made my way to the kitchen with thoughts of food intriguing me. My hunt was interrupted by Bernie's, loud barking from the sun room. Once there, I discovered no more than the hamsters, running madly around their cage. My first thought was

the heat; it had infected my pets with its substance. Even the fish seemed crazed as they shot from corner to corner in jerky, patterns. From the corner of one eye, I caught the reflection of something. I moved closer to see what was there. Tiger was; she appeared unaware of anything around her. I

crept forward watching her head swaying as if in trance. Chills attacked my stunned, senses as I lost myself in the madness that filled Tiger's eyes. What was wrong? What could possibly be happening? Was I going insane? Was the heat affecting me? Tiger sat there unmoved as the other animals continued their, noisy vigilance. I could not bring myself to physical contact with the cat, simply, I could not move. There she sat, unspoiled, penetrating everything that lay within the room. My hand seemed to loosen; my fingers opened up. I brought my hands slowly up to Tiger's eyes.

The putrid smell of death hung in the air. The oppressive, suddenness made me turn quickly from the spectre of little, Tiger. In the sun room decay reeked from all the pet's cages. They were dead; the hamsters, the goldfish, even Bernie lay unmoved, his mouth wide as his eyes. Horror filled them both. I fumbled back to Tiger; she also lay dead. Nerves began to shatter, my next move would have been to awaken the family, but I found myself holding Tiger gently in my arms, stroking her. Next, my legs were walking under me. Sensation removed, my legs carried me to what was once my yard. It was now a cemetery of dead birds.

I flung Tiger wildly aside and ran, ran towards a spot I once visited when I was caught in my youth. I now inhabit that rat, filled cave. I do not fear the savage rodents; they all are dead.

As I write this, I realize how foolish we were. The barks, the purring and hissing, the chirps and screeches of all the animals, through all the centuries were not for merely each other. They were warning us of happenings; unable to see them because of our, imperfect vision. I sit here pondering when those insidious creatures will discover my domain of refuge. Perhaps, they stir about me now; if only we had listened.

END

Send your trash to:
EERIE FAN FARE PAGE,
Eerie Magazine, 22 E. 42 ST.
New York, N.Y. 10017

TENNIS, ANYONE? **NO?** TOO STRENUOUS, YOU SAY? THEN HOW ABOUT A MENTAL MATCH FOR YOUR MUDDLED MINDS WITH A CHALLENGING CAST OF CHESSMEN IN THIS UNUSUAL UNDERTAKING I CALL...

CHECKMATE

JERRY RICHARDSON WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR AN ANSWER TO HIS KNOCKING AT THE ANCIENT PORTAL. THE HOUSE, ONCE A PROUD AND STATELY MANSHION, WAS NOW OCCUPIED IN ITS DECAYING YEARS SOLELY BY HIS CLOSE FRIEND EDWARD VANTON.



IT WAS ED'S FRANTIC, ALMOST FLEADING, PHONE CALL WHICH HAD BROUGHT JERRY ON THIS VISIT, INTO THE COLD AND WIND-SWEPT NIGHT.

JERRY! COME IN, COME IN. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY I AM TO SEE YOU!

THE WAY YOU SOUNDED ON THE TELEPHONE, I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE REFUSED!

YOU SAID YOU HAD SOMETHING TO SHOW ME?

SOMETHING SO FANTASTIC, ONLY A LOVER OF THE GAME OF CHESS LIKE YOURSELF COULD FULLY APPRECIATE IT!

CHESS?

YES...YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THE EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION OF CHESS PIECES I HAVE GATHERED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

INDEED. PROBABLY THE FINEST IN THE COUNTRY.

AH, THIS TIME I HAVE ACQUIRED A SET TOTALLY UNLIKE ANY OTHER EVER MADE! A SET LOST TO MAN FOR AGES, UNTIL I RECENTLY STUMBLED ACROSS IT,

COME SEE, JERRY. FEAST YOUR EYES ON...

...THE LEGENDARY, **DEVIL'S CHESSMEN!**

MY GOD!



BUT...BUT SUCH A SET WAS THOUGHT TO BE A MYTH! A FABLE IMAGINED BY SOME ANCIENT LUNATIC WHO CLAIMED HE HAD PLAYED A GAME OF **DEATH** WITH **SATAN** HIMSELF, WITH THIS EVIL CHESS SET!

A MYTH? LOOK AT THIS AND TELL ME IT IS MERELY A STORY! LOOK AT THE EXQUISITE DESIGN, THE INCREDIBLE DETAIL, THE UNBELIEVEABLE REPRESENTATION OF EACH PIECE.

THE PAWNS! SACRIFICIAL GUARDIANS OF THE ELITE, FITTINGLY REPRESENTED BY... **ZOMBIES!**

THE ROOKS! GHOULS, WAITING SILENTLY IN THE ALMOST FORGOTTEN CORNERS OF THE BOARD, UNTIL THEY ARE SUDDENLY FREED TO SWEEP HUNGRILY FORWARD TO DEVOUR THE UNGUARDED OPPONENT!

WEREWOLVES FOR KNIGHTS! STRIKING SUDDENLY AND VICIOUSLY FROM UNSEEN HIDING, RAVAGING ANY WHO DARE VENTURE TOO CLOSE TO THEIR LAIR.

AH, AND THE BISHOPS!
VAMPIRES, SWOOPING
DOWN ON UNSUSPECTING
PREY WHO FOOLISHLY STUMBLE
INTO THEIR PATHS. QUITE
EFFECTIVE IN COUNTER-
ATTACKS!

THE QUEEN, THAT MOST VERSATILE
CREATURE OF THEM ALL. HERE WE
HAVE LIGHTNING SPEED AND
GRACE WITH THE DEADLY STRENGTH
OF THE PANTHER IN THE FORM OF
THE **SHE-CAT**!

NOW, MOST INCREDIBLE OF THEM ALL,
STANDS THE KING HIMSELF....
SURROUNDED AND PROTECTED BY
HIS UNHOLY ARMY, DIRECTING EVERY
MOVEMENT OF HIS SUBJECTS AS
NEED DICTATES... BEHOLD HIS
HIGHNESS...

SATAN!!

THIS IS
THE MOST
GRUESOME
THING I'VE
EVER SEEN,
ED!

PERHAPS, BUT...COME,
SIT DOWN. PLAY A GAME.

PLAY? WITH THOSE
ABOMINATIONS OF EVIL?
WHY I'LL HAVE TROUBLE
KEEP MY MIND ON THE
GAME WITH THOSE PIECES
WATCHING ME!

IT COMES EASILY,
ONCE THE GAME
BEGINS. WOULD
YOU PREFER
WHITE?

VERY WELL, ONE
GAME. THEN I'D
BETTER BE GOING,
IT'S CLOSE TO
MIDNIGHT.

SILENTLY THE GAME BEGAN,
BOTH MEN LOCKED IN CONCENTRATED
COMBAT OVER THAT
MOST INGENIOUS OF ALL
GAMES.

HOURS PASSED, SLOWLY,
INEXORABLY, GHASTLY MEM-
BERS OF THE OPPOSING
LEGIONS WERE LOST IN
BATTLE. ZOMBIES AT FIRST
...POTENTIALLY VALUABLE,
BUT THOROUGHLY EXPENDABLE.

CAUTION...
BOLDNESS.
ATTACK...RETREAT
...REGROUP. EACH
ADVERSARY WAITING FOR
THE OTHERS SLIGHTEST MIS-
TAKE...THE FAINTEST OPENING
COULD BE THE WEDGE LEADING TO
VICTORY.

THEN...
FIRST
BLOOD! A
VITAL WEREWOLF
SWEEPED FROM THE
SCENE...BUT AT THE
COST OF A VAMPIRE FOR
THE AGGRESSOR.

PROTECT THE KING AT ALL COSTS! IF SATAN IS LOST, THE GAME IS ENDED.



THE SHE-CATS EYE ONE ANOTHER WARILY, CAUTIOUSLY SLASHING OUT AT AN OPENING WITH BLINDING SPEED, RANGING CAREFULLY OVER THE BATTLEFIELD READY TO POUNCE ON THE SLIGHTEST LAPSE IN THE OTHERS DEFENSES.



THERE! A SHE-CAT LOST, STRUCK SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND BY AN UNNOTICED GHOUL!



QUICKLY, A VAMPIRE GLIDES SMOOTHLY INTO POSITION AND THE GHOUL IS FORCED TO RETREAT, HIS PRIZE HAS BEEN A SELECT ONE.



GUARD THE KING! HE IS SURELY IN DANGER OF...



CHECKMATE!



EXCELLENT GAME, ED. I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN YOU PLAY SO WELL.

I MUST ADMIT MY GAME HAS IMPROVED SINCE I ACQUIRED THIS SET. WILL YOU JOIN ME FOR A NIGHTCAP, JERRY?

NOW RELAXED AFTER THE LONG STRUGGLE, JERRY RICHARDSON SIPPED AT THE BRANDY.

IN FACT I'VE PLAYED ONE GAME EVERY NIGHT SINCE OBTAINING THE SET. I HAVE YET TO LOSE!

IS THAT PART OF THE LEGEND, ED - THE DEVIL NEVER LOSES?

DID YOU EVER HEAR THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S CHESSMEN, JERRY?

NO, I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ONE. I WAS ONLY KIDDING ABOUT THAT

IT IS SAID THAT ITS OWNER MUST BE ONE WHO OBTAINS IT BY DEFEATING ITS PREVIOUS OWNER IN A MATCH. MORE INTERESTING THAN THAT, THE OWNER MUST CONTINUE TO PLAY ONE GAME EACH NIGHT, LEST SATAN RECLAIM THE SET AND HE WHO POSSESSES IT!

BUT, EVEN IF SUCH A STORY WERE TRUE, HOW WOULD SATAN BENEFIT IF SOMEONE DID PLAY EVERY NIGHT?

BECAUSE JERRY, HE CLAIMS THE LOSER OF EACH GAME! AND TONIGHT, JERRY, THAT'S **YOU!**

AS JERRY STARTED TO GET UP, A SUDDEN DROWSINESS ENGULFED HIM...

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, ED...I'M TIRED, I THINK I'LL BE GOING. I CAN...HARDLY...KEEP MY...EYES...OPEN...

HE FELL BACK INTO THE CHAIR IN A DEEP SLUMBER.

WHEN JERRY AWOKE HE NO LONGER SEEMED CONSCIOUS OF HIS WHEREABOUTS. INSTEAD, HE STOOD SURROUNDED BY A VAST PLAIN. HE TURNED SLOWLY, TRYING TO PERCEIVE WHERE HE WAS...

WHAT IS THIS, ED? THE GAME IS OVER, LET'S QUIT PLAYING...

FROZEN IN HORROR, HE SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT ED HAD SPOKEN THE TRUTH. HE HAD LOST THE GAME, AS OTHERS BEFORE HIM HAD LOST, AND NOW THEY WERE COMING TO CLAIM HIM. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME.

SLOWLY A ZOMBIE SHUFFLED FORTH, AND JERRY KNEW IT WAS **HIS** MOVE!

LET'S SEE, NOW. IF I MOVE THIS WAY...NO, I HAVE TO, ER...MAYBE I CAN...HMMM...LOOKS LIKE I'M CHECKMATED, MATES! ANYWAY, JERRY'S GONNA HAVE A LOT OF TIME TO GET A FEW "THINGS" OFF HIS CHESS...THE NERVE OF THAT ED, TURNING INTO SUCH AN OFFENSIVE GUY!

END

It's party time! And am I surprised! Honestly, gang, yah shouldn't 'a done it! Anyway, ghost guests, get away from that crunch bowl, stop munching on that lady's fingers... and put aside those scream-streamers... while we have ourselves a...

SCAVENGER HUNT



YOU'RE AT A PARTY...
DANCING TO THE
PRE-RECORDED
MUSIC OF MOTHER
EARTH PLAYED
THROUGH THE
MANSION'S BUILT-IN
PUBLIC ADDRESS
SYSTEM. THE FOOD
AND DRINKS ARE
ENOUGH TO STUFF
A REGIMENT...THE
GUESTS ARE REALLY
GROOVING!...THEN HE
OPENS HIS BLUE
DUFFLE BAG, PRO-
DUCING A SMALL
PLASTIC APPLIANCE...
AND POPS IT INTO
HIS MOUTH...

OH, NO! WHO...
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S...THAT GUY
BORG.
WHO KEEPS
SHOWING UP
AT THESE
PARTIES!

AAAAARRGG!
WYROOOOH!
WYAAAAAAA!

BORG!
WHAT KIND
OF A NAME
IS THAT?

IT'S NOT HIS
REAL NAME!
NBODY
KNOWS HIS
REAL NAME!
BUT IT MEANS
SOMETHING...

YES, IT'S A STREET OR
SOMETHING IN THAT OLD
NOVEL...
DRACULA!!



HONESTLY! I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO TURN UP AT THESE GET-TOGETHERS!

EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

HUH? GASP!



HEAVEN FORBID! I THOUGHT HE CAME WITH...

NO! HE DIDN'T COME WITH ME!

OHMPHMFRR! JUST A SECOND! MUMBLEGRFD! LET ME GET THESE AZZZRDOPF! FANGS OUT!

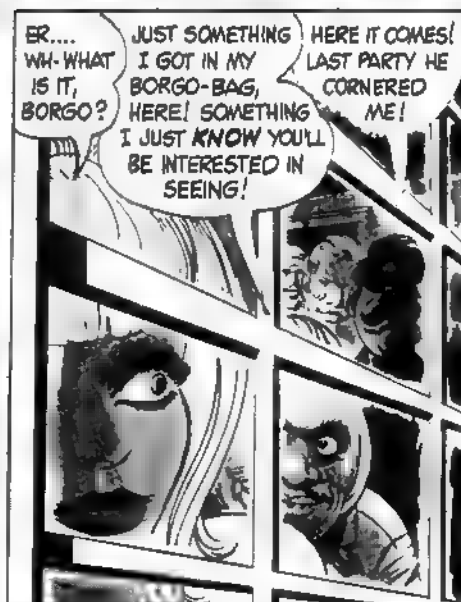


THERE, NOW I CAN TALK! YOU KNOW, I MADE THESE MYSELF... OUT OF PLASTIC! I HAVE A BIGGER PAIR THAT I PAINTED RED...YOU KNOW, FOR BLOOD! HEH, HEH, HEH... THAT'S ALL RIGHT...ER, EXCUSE ME!



WAIT! MISS, I DIDN'T GET TO SHOW YOU WHAT I WANTED TO SHOW YOU!

OH, NO! SOMEONE RESCUE ME!



ER... WH-WHAT IS IT, BORGO?

JUST SOMETHING I GOT IN MY BORGO-BAG, HERE! SOMETHING I JUST KNOW YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN SEEING!

HERE IT COMES! LAST PARTY HE CORNERED ME!



JUST A SECOND...AH, HERE IT IS! I DON'T LIKE TO KEEP MY COLLECTION AT HOME! COULD GET STOLEN! YOU KNOW HOW COLLECTORS ARE!

I D-DO? I MEAN, I DO!



IT'S A NEW BOOK I PICKED UP ON DEMONOLOGY! HERE! WANT TO LOOK THROUGH IT? YOU KNOW, IT'S VERY OLD! IT TELLS YOU HOW TO CONJURE UP SATAN! ISN'T THAT A GROOVE? HERE! WANT TO TRY IT?

NO! NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME!



THEN HOW ABOUT THESE COLLECTIONS OF LOVECRAFT STORIES? OR DRAWINGS I MADE OF WEREWOLVES? OR THIS HISTORY OF FACTUAL GHOULS THAT EAT CORPSES? OR SOME SADISTIC LIMERICKS?

WAIT, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I'VE GOT A WHOLE BAG FULL OF...



YOU'VE GOT A WHOLE BAG OF POWERFUL TROUBLE, MAC! UNLESS YOU STOP BUGGIN' MY CHICK...

CULP!



I'M GOING TO STUFF YOU INTO THAT BAG AND PUT A LOCK ON THE ZIPPER!

BUT...ER... WOULDNT YOU RATHER LOOK THROUGH THIS ANTHOLOGY OF STRANGE STORIES I PICKED UP THE OTHER DAY? IT'S GOT MATERIAL BY BLOCH... LEIBER... MORRISON...



WHY, YOU LITTLE...I'M GONNA FIX THAT MOUTH OF YOURS SO IT'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HOLD A SET OF PLASTIC TEETH AGAIN!

...BRADBURY... DERLETH...



HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

HOLD IT! STOP IT!

YES! COME ON, LET'S NOT GET VIOLENT!

..POE...



BECAUSE WE HAVE A BETTER IDEA!

WHY, YES! WE'VE ALL BEEN TRYING TO THINK OF SOME WAY OF...ER...LIVENING UP THIS...UH...PARTY! AND THAT'S WHERE...



...YOU COME IN, BORCO!

ME? BUT WHAT CAN I DO... EXCEPT FOR MAYBE CONJURING UP SOME EVIL SPIRITS, OR RECITING DIALOG FROM THE CONAN BOOKS...OR...

WHAT CAN YOU DO? DID YOU HEAR THAT, FOLKS? BORGO WANTS TO KNOW WHAT **HE** CAN DO! ISN'T THAT A GOOD ONE!

YES, HE'S SUCH A KIDDER!

JUST A SECOND, FOLKS...ARTHUR! ARTHUR! COME OVER HERE WITH THAT TRAY I PREPARED!

YES, SIR! AS YOU SAY!

THANK YOU, ARTHUR! AH, YES! FOLKS...BORGO...THIS SHOULD REALLY... **LIVEN** THINGS UP!

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A **SCAVENGER HUNT!**

OH, HOW TERRIBLY DULL!

BUT A VERY **SPECIAL** KIND OF SCAVENGER HUNT! ONE LIKE NOBODY IN THIS ROOM HAS EVER PARTICIPATED IN BEFORE, AND...

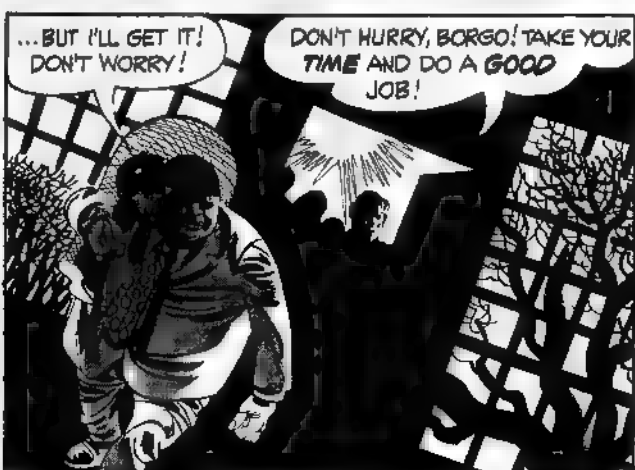
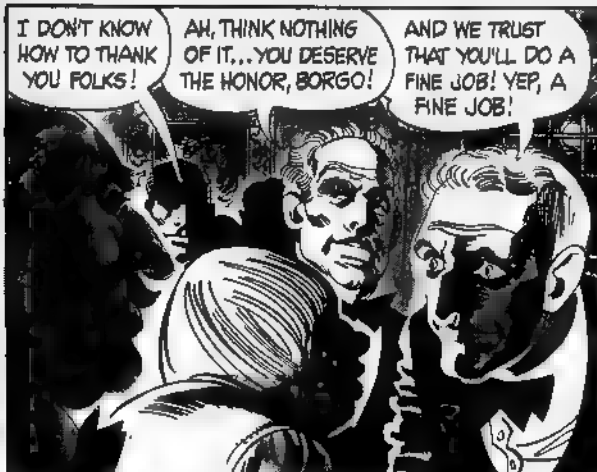
...YOU... BORGO... YOU ARE TO BE... **IT!**

ME? HMMM... I DON'T KNOW... BUT THAT WORD **IT** SOUNDS KIND OF APPEALING... ..I...

YES, BORGO! YOU! AN **IT!** YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION! HERE! LOOK AT THIS LIST!

HMMMMM...SAY, YOU MEAN I'M SUPPOSED TO GET ALL THIS STUFF? SAY, I LIKE THIS GAME! THIS OUGHT TO BE REALLY... **FUN!**

Fang of a Vampire
Clump of werewolf hair
Ghoul's fingernail
Mummy wrapping
Eye of a Zombie



AND SO WE FIND BORGIO IN A PLACE HE KNOWS AS WELL AS HOME... WHERE HIS MIND CLICKS WITH THOUGHTS...

LET'S SEE...DON'T WANT TO LET THEM DOWN! HAVE TO GET EVERYTHING, JUST LIKE THEY WROTE IT ON THE LIST!

WHAT WAS IT? OH, YES! FIRST A VAMPIRE'S FANG...JUST ONE... ALL RIGHT, HERE GOES!

CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP!

THE PARTY RAGES ON... IN RELATIVE PEACE AND QUIET... BUT AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN...

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR! BETTER SEE WHO IT IS!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT?

RAP! RAP! RAP!

CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP!



HI...IT'S BORGIO... AND I GOT THOSE ITEMS FOR YOU!

GULP...OH, NO! HE'S BACK!

...WHAT DOES HE MEAN... HE'S "GOT THOSE ITEMS"? ?



GASP! A CURVED FINGERNAIL!

AND... ANIMAL HAIR!

A...A LARGE TOOTH!

A PIECE OF CLOTH... ..SO OLD!

AND... (WRETCH!) AN E-EYEBALL B-BUT...

THERE'S ONLY ONE CATCH, FOLKS! IT WAS EASY ENOUGH FINDING THIS STUFF...BUT...

-I'M AFRAID MY FRIENDS HERE WANT EVERYTHING BACK-NOW!!!!



Hmmph! Never could stand party crashers! 'Course this beast bunch is better than the usual lowlives that like to mooch the ghoulies! O.K., so leave, already! I got to clean up this mess and get my beauty sleep! (Yawn) Bad Day!



DEMON ICTIONARY



I say, FRAY FANS . . . this is absolutely, ROYAL of you all to pop into this get-together for a welcome party for my all, new, "DEMON-ITIONARY" page! DO stay for a spot of rot, old clots . . . I wasn't really expecting you so soon, but now that the shindig has started, won't you join me for some pulsing, palaver down here, in the DIN DEN with the rest of the cadavers? What's that you say? . . . the stench might wrench your tummy too much! How about holding your noses and thinking of roses . . . maybe that'll quell the smell? There now, isn't that better? Okay, so com'on in, already . . . try a pinch of filch and a nurdle of the curdles I've been cooking up for the rest of the guests who drop in. You're going to LOVE the stacks of snacks I'm serving each issue, every issue, from now on! Tons of tasty, tid-bits of wit and grit, all prepared to satisfy your horror, hunger. So how cum all the fancy, vittles? It's like this . . . Ever since I infected your frizzy, follicles with the fuming, frenzy of my "DEMON-ITIONARY" in EERIE #19, I've received gobes of sob's about the fate of that devilish ditty, once the daring, drollery of my apocalyptic, alphabet was ended. Seems everyone dug the fiendish, facts we bubbled into their brains, starting with a seminar about "ABRACADABRA" and ending for the moment with our latest, greatest, hike into "HADES". The trip was a rip, and all you, SCORCH STUDENTS out there were studying my grueling, schooling and digging up some hexing, perplexing and mind vexing, history! You, little devils could hardly wait for those startling, selections of Satanic, dare-fare straight from the blistering, files of the King of Demons, himself . . . ME! And who else could have possibly thought up such a touch of pure terror? Oh, sure . . . my "DEMON-ITIONARY" appeared from

time to time in CHROME DOME's rag . . . I was doing the dum-dum a favor! After all, he IS my uncle! However, blood is thicker than kin I always say, and so SPELL-MATES, beginning with this, scorching, session "DEMON-ITIONARY" becomes a permanent, page in my volume of really GEAR FEAR! From now on, your UNC will have to get his own gunk to plunk down every month. I'm tired of helping the whelp! Stay right where you are, swingers, while you pass me the anchovies, I'll tell you more!

Besides carrying on my frantic antics through the rest of the Demon Alphabet all the way to "Z", my darling, blaring will keep you on target about TERRORDOM with the grooviest, goblin, gossip this side of HADES! And, I'll be counting on YOU to come up with some sizzling subjects to burn my britches with each ish. In between my burning tales of wail and woe, some of you DAPPERS and FLAPPERS will be invited to join the grem-lins, gargoyles and ghouls sneaking around my creaking coven. Your gory stories and stun fun will be a welcome extra to my choke chamber ciambake. Just watch out you don't end up in the chowder! Wait, that's not all! Anybody got a question to ask about witching, or stitching a monster together? Care to find out which witch is which . . . maybe you'd rather learn a swinging curse to try on your worst enemy? You've got a question to ask? . . . then go ahead and ask it! Right here in our DEMON-ITIONARY page! If I can't answer it for you, I'm certain some of my sweltering, soldiers of screamery will DIG up the solution . . . phew! Whatever magical, mystery pops into your tops, you'll get the THROE-down on it right here in my cryptic, catalogue. Just slip your quips into the mail and watch us flail out an answer from our archives.

Yes, "DEMON-ITIONARY" is here to stay! I might add

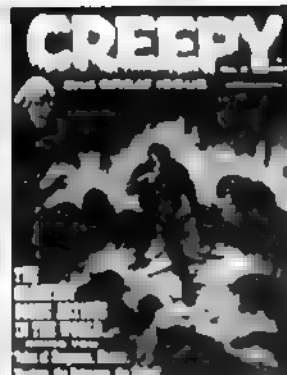
that the novel you pick up next issue, I hope, will have a load of enraging, pages to scorch your beepers. Could be you'll find some rattling, tattle tales in there about all kinds of "demons", human and otherwise! I intend to astound you, confound you and really dumbfound you with a smashing, bashing of nerve, crashing, mash-ing, so WATCH OUT! Best of all, this'll be YOUR page to rage, your sheet to bleat, and a chance for you to pour some stew of your own into your gullet! Nothing occult will go unturned, nothing that dwells in the white-hot pits of Beelzebub's barbecue will remain secret ever again! There'll be mounds and mounds of spells to learn, incantations to memorize, and maybe a curse or two to keep you company on dark, EERIE nights.

Well, FROWN CLOWNS . . . how does it sound? All you gotta do is stoke your fear furnaces for some, searing ideas . . . just leave the rest up to me! Better take it easy though; if you can't take the churning I've got in store for you, just skip the "DEMON-ITIONARY" in my next issue . . . you just might get, BURNED! So, com'on baby light my fire, and start sending in your questions concerning the occult, stories of witchcraft and wizardry. YOU choose the ooze you'd like to read . . . I'll ignite your fright in my next . . . "DEMON-ITIONARY." UNHOLY SMOKES GANG! . . . the next, fire, mire you read may be one that I've borrowed from . . . YOU!

Calling all pyromaniacs! You got some hot, rot for my "DEMON-ITIONARY", melting pot? Send me your acts of arson, anytime, and kindle a candle to conjure by Address your distress to, COUNCIL EERIE'S, DEMON-ITIONARY, EERIE Magazine, 22 E. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10017.



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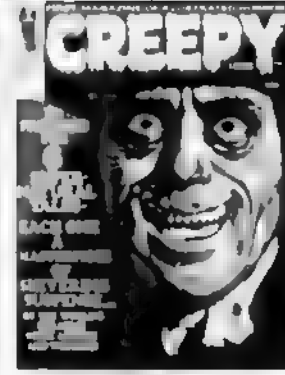
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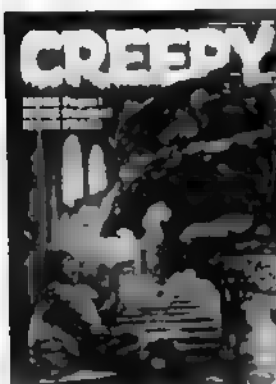
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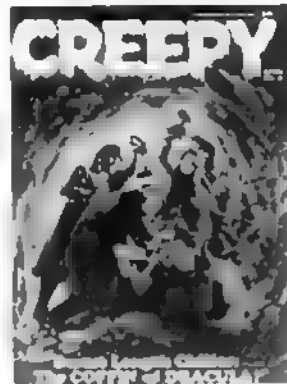
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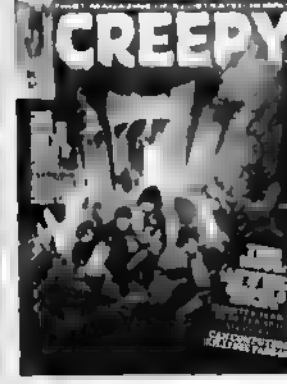
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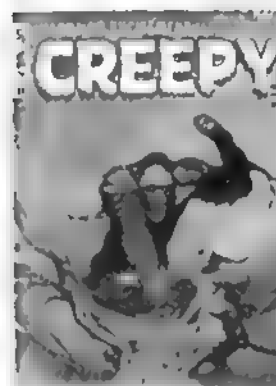
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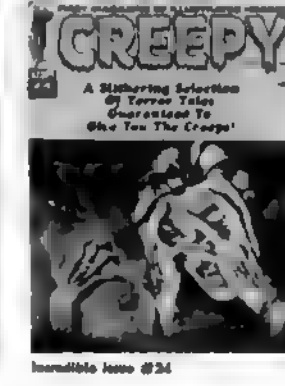
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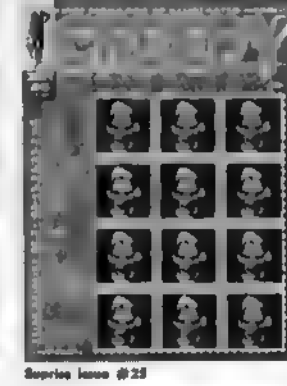
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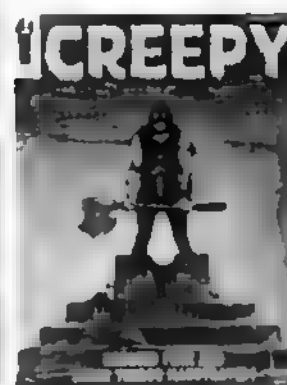
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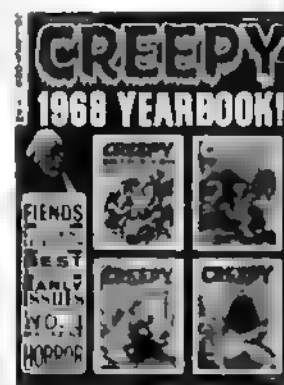
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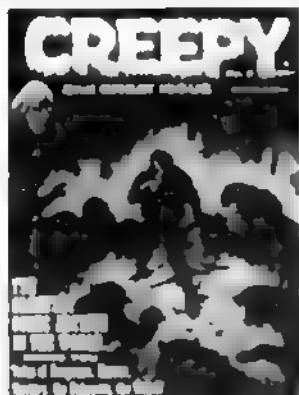
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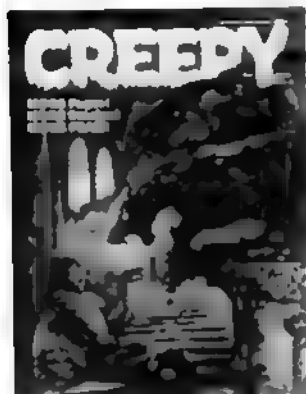
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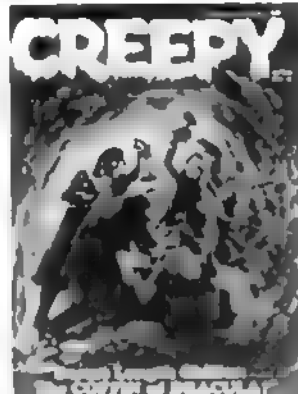
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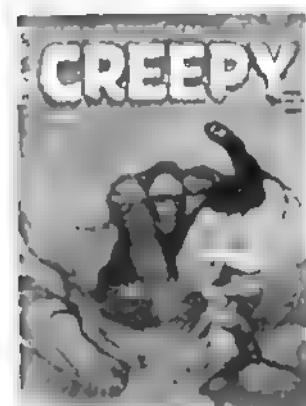
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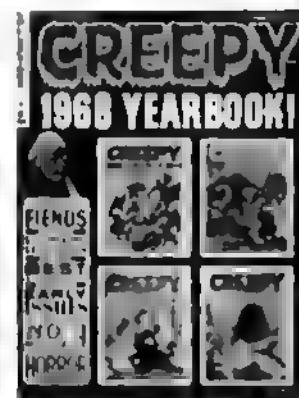
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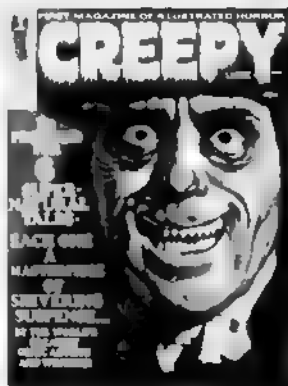
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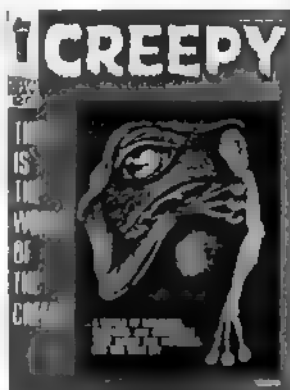
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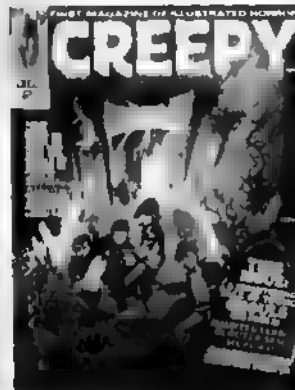
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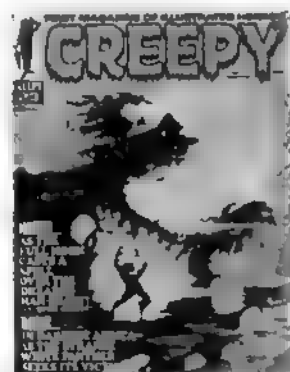
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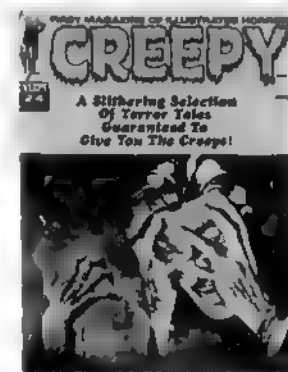
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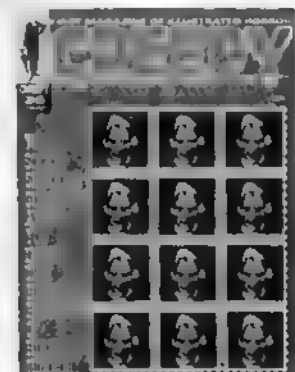
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DRACULA'S GUEST

BY BRAM STOKER

THIS STORY WAS INTENDED AS THE OPENING EPISODE IN BRAM STOKER'S NOVEL, *DRACULA*, BUT WAS EXCISED BECAUSE OF THE LENGTH OF THE BOOK. AS READERS OF *DRACULA* WILL RECALL, IT OPENS WITH THE ENTRY FOR MAY 3 IN THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN HARKER, A YOUNG ENGLISH SOLICITOR, ON HIS WAY TO TRANSACT BUSINESS WITH A CLIENT IN TRANSYLVANIA-- COUNT DRACULA. BUT LET US GO BACK AND READ THE ENTRY FOR MAY 1...

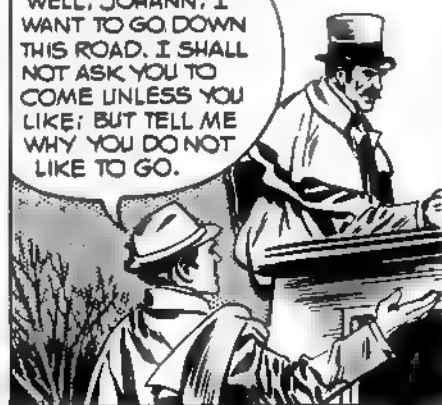


CROSSING HIMSELF, HE STARTED OFF RAPIDLY, AS IF TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME. EVERY NOW AND THEN THE HORSES SEEMED TO THROW UP THEIR HEADS AND SNIFFED THE AIR SUSPICIOUSLY.

ON SUCH OCCASIONS I OFTEN LOOKED AROUND IN ALARM. WE WERE TRAVERSING A HIGH, WIND-SWEPT PLATEAU. THEN I SAW A ROAD WHICH SEEMED TO DIP THROUGH A LITTLE, WINDING VALLEY.

I CALLED JOHANN TO STOP--AND TOLD HIM I WOULD LIKE TO DRIVE DOWN THAT ROAD. HE MADE ALL SORTS OF EXCUSES AND FREQUENTLY CROSSED HIMSELF FINALLY.

WELL, JOHANN, I WANT TO GO DOWN THIS ROAD. I SHALL NOT ASK YOU TO COME UNLESS YOU LIKE; BUT TELL ME WHY YOU DO NOT LIKE TO GO.



WHEN WE STARTED FOR OUR DRIVE THE SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHTLY IN MUNICH. HERR DELBRÜCK (THE MAÎTRE D'HOTEL OF THE QUATRE SAISONS, WHERE I WAS STAYING) CAME DOWN AND, AFTER WISHING ME A PLEASANT DRIVE...

REMEMBER YOU ARE BACK BY NIGHTFALL. THIS IS A SHIVER IN THE WIND THAT SAYS THERE MAY BE A SUDDEN STORM. BUT YOU WILL NOT BE LATE, FOR YOU KNOW WHAT NIGHT IT IS.

JA, MEIN HERR.

JOHANN DROVE OFF QUICKLY. WHEN WE HAD CLEARED THE TOWN, I SIGNALLED HIM TO STOP.

TELL ME, JOHANN, WHAT IS TONIGHT?

WALPURGIS NACHT.

HE THREW HIMSELF OFF THE BOX AND IMPLORED ME NOT TO GO. HE SEEMED ALWAYS JUST ABOUT TO TELL ME SOMETHING WHICH FRIGHTENED HIM; BUT EACH TIME HE PULLED HIMSELF UP, SAYING, AS HE CROSSED HIMSELF:

WALPURGIS NACHT!

THEN THE HORSES BECAME RESTLESS AND SNIFFED THE AIR. AT THIS HE SUDDENLY JUMPED FORWARD, TOOK THEM BY THE BRIDLES AND LED THEM ON SOME TWENTY FEET.

I FOLLOWED, AND ASKED WHY HE HAD DONE THIS. HE POINTED TO THE SPOT WE HAD LEFT AND DREW HIS CARRIAGE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OTHER ROAD, INDICATING A CROSS.

BURIED HIM-- HIM WHAT KILLED HIMSELF.

AH! I SEE, A SUICIDE. BURIED AT THE CROSS-ROADS. HOW INTERESTING!

WHILST WE WERE TALKING, WE HEARD A SORT OF SOUND BETWEEN A YELP AND A BARK. IT WAS FAR AWAY; BUT THE HORSES GOT VERY RESTLESS, AND IT TOOK JOHANN ALL HIS TIME TO QUIET THEM.

IT SOUNDS LIKE A WOLF-- BUT YET THERE ARE NO WOLVES HERE NOW.

REMARKING THAT THE SNOW STORM WOULD SOON COME, JOHANN CLIMBED TO HIS BOX AS THOUGH THE TIME HAD COME FOR PROCEEDING ON OUR JOURNEY. I DID NOT AT ONCE GET INTO THE CARRIAGE.

TELL ME ABOUT THIS PLACE WHERE THE ROAD LEADS.

IT IS UNHOLY. THE VILLAGE. NO ONE LIVES THERE HUNDREDS OF YEARS.

"MEN DIED THERE AND WERE BURIED; AND SOUNDS WERE HEARD UNDER THE CLAY, AND WHEN THE GRAVES WERE OPENED, MEN AND WOMEN WERE FOUND ROSY WITH LIFE, AND THEIR MOUTHS RED WITH BLOOD."



AND SO, IN HASTE TO SAVE THEIR LIVES (AYE, AND THEIR SOULS!) THOSE WHO WERE LEFT FLED AWAY TO OTHER PLACES, WHERE THE LIVING LIVED, AND THE DEAD WERE DEAD AND NOT--NOT SOMETHING ELSE. GET IN! **WALPURGIS NACHT!**



ALL MY ENGLISH BLOOD ROSE AT THIS. I TOOK FROM THE SEAT MY OAK WALKING STICK AND CLOSED THE DOOR, POINTING BACK TO MUNICH.

YOU ARE AFRAID, JOHANN. GO HOME; I SHALL RETURN ALONE; THE WALK WILL DO ME GOOD. **WALPURGIS NACHT** DOES NOT CONCERN ENGLISHMEN.



WITH A DESPAIRING GESTURE JOHANN TURNED HIS HORSES TOWARD MUNICH. HE WENT SLOWLY ALONG THE ROAD FOR A WHILE; THEN THERE CAME OVER THE CREST OF THE HILL A MAN TALL AND THIN.



WHEN HE DREW NEAR THE HORSES, THEY BEGAN TO JUMP AND KICK ABOUT, THEN TO SCREAM WITH TERROR. JOHANN COULD NOT HOLD THEM; THEY BOLTED DOWN THE ROAD, RUNNING AWAY MADLY.



I WATCHED THEM OUT OF SIGHT, THEN LOOKED FOR THE STRANGER, BUT FOUND THAT HE, TOO, WAS GONE.



I TURNED DOWN THE SIDE ROAD THROUGH THE DEEPENING VALLEY. I TRAMPED FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS WITHOUT SEEING A PERSON OR A HOUSE. ON TURNING A BEND IN THE ROAD, I CAME UPON A SCATTERED FRINGE OF WOOD; THEN I RECOGNIZED THAT I HAD BEEN SUBCONSCIOUSLY IMPRESSED BY THE DESOLATION OF THE REGION THROUGH WHICH I HAD PASSED.



I SAT DOWN TO REST MYSELF AND BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND. GREAT THICK CLOUDS WERE DRIFTING RAPIDLY ACROSS THE SKY. THERE WERE SIGNS OF COMING STORM IN THE AIR. I WAS A LITTLE CHILLY, AND, THINKING IT WAS THE SITTING STILL, I RESUMED MY JOURNEY.



THE GROUND I PASSED OVER WAS NOW MUCH MORE PICTURESQUE. IT WAS ONLY WHEN THE DEEPENING TWILIGHT FORCED ITSELF UPON ME THAT I BEGAN TO THINK OF HOW I SHOULD FIND MY WAY HOME. THE DRIFTING OF CLOUDS WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A FAR-AWAY RUSHING SOUND, THROUGH WHICH SEEMED TO COME THE CRY OF A WOLF.



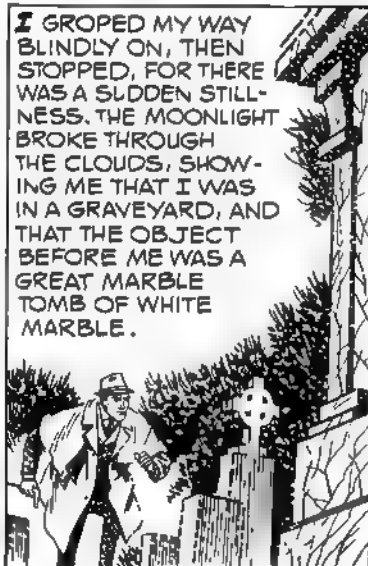
I PRESENTLY CAME ON A WIDE STRETCH OF OPEN COUNTRY, SHUT IN BY HILLS ALL AROUND. AS I LOOKED THE SNOW BEGAN TO FALL. SOON THE EARTH AROUND ME WAS A GLISTENING WHITE CARPET. IN FLASHES OF VIVID LIGHTNING I COULD SEE AHEAD OF ME A GREAT MASS OF TREES.



I WAS SOON IN THE SHELTER OF THE TREES. BY AND BY THE STORM SEEMED TO BE PASSING AWAY. WHEN THE SNOW HAD CEASED TO FALL, I FOUND A LOW WALL ENCIRCLING THE COPSE, AND FOLLOWING THIS I FOUND AN OPENING. HERE THE CYPRESSES FORMED AN ALLEY LEADING UP TO A BUILDING OF SOME KIND.



I GROPED MY WAY BLINDLY ON, THEN STOPPED, FOR THERE WAS A SUDDEN STILLNESS. THE MOONLIGHT BROKE THROUGH THE CLOUDS, SHOWING ME THAT I WAS IN A GRAVEYARD, AND THAT THE OBJECT BEFORE ME WAS A GREAT MARBLE TOMB OF WHITE MARBLE.



WITH THE MOONLIGHT THE STORM APPEARED TO RESUME WITH A LONG, LOW HOWL, AS OF MANY WOLVES. I WALKED AROUND THE SEPULCHER. ON THE TOP OF THE TOMB, DRIVEN THROUGH THE SOLID MARBLE, WAS A GREAT IRON STAKE OR SPIKE.



AND NOW A PERFECT TORNADO BURST UPON ME. AND THIS TIME THE STORM BORE ON ITS ICY WINGS, NOT SNOW, BUT GREAT HAILSTONES. THE ONLY SPOT THAT SEEMED TO AFFORD REFUGE WAS THE DOORWAY OF THE MARBLE TOMB.



THERE, CROUCHING AGAINST THE MASSIVE BRONZE DOOR, I GAINED A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PROTECTION FROM THE HAILSTONES. AS I LEANED AGAINST THE DOOR, IT MOVED SLIGHTLY AND OPENED INWARD.



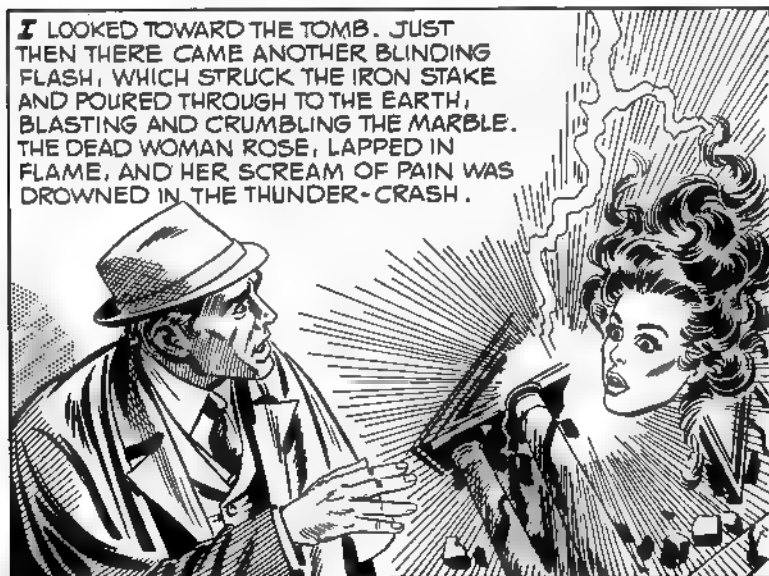
THE SHELTER OF EVEN A TOMB WAS WELCOME, AND I WAS ABOUT TO ENTER IT WHEN THERE CAME A FLASH OF FORKED LIGHTNING. IN THE INSTANT, I SAW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SEEMINGLY SLEEPING ON A BIER.



AS THE THUNDER BROKE OVERHEAD, I WAS GRASPED AS BY THE HAND OF A GIANT AND HURLED OUT INTO THE STORM.



I LOOKED TOWARD THE TOMB. JUST THEN THERE CAME ANOTHER BLINDING FLASH, WHICH STRUCK THE IRON STAKE AND POURED THROUGH TO THE EARTH, BLASTING AND CRUMBLING THE MARBLE. THE DEAD WOMAN ROSE, LAPPED IN FLAME, AND HER SCREAM OF PAIN WAS DROWNED IN THE THUNDER-CRASH.



I WAS SEIZED AGAIN IN THE GIANT-GRASP AND DRAGGED AWAY. THE LAST SIGHT THAT I REMEMBER WAS A VAGUE, WHITE, MOVING MASS, AS IF ALL THE GRAVES HAD SENT OUT THEIR SHEETED DEAD, AND THEY WERE CLOSING IN ON ME.



GRADUALLY THERE CAME A VAGUE BEGINNING OF CONSCIOUSNESS. I FELT A WARM RASPING AT MY THROAT. SOME GREAT ANIMAL WAS LYING ON ME AND NOW LICKING MY THROAT.



THROUGH MY EYELASHES I SAW ABOVE ME THE TWO GREAT FLAMING EYES OF A GIGANTIC WOLF. ITS SHARP WHITE TEETH GLEAMED IN THE GAPING RED MOUTH, AND I COULD FEEL ITS HOT BREATH FIERCE AND ACRID UPON ME.



I HEARD A LOW GROWL, FOLLOWED BY A YELP, RENEWED AGAIN AND AGAIN. THEN, FAR AWAY, I HEARD MANY VOICES CALLING IN UNISON. FROM BEYOND THE TREES CAME A TROOP OF HORSEMEN BEARING TORCHES.



THE WOLF ROSE AND MADE FOR THE CEMETARY. ONE OF THE SOLDIERS RAISED HIS CARBINE. A COMPANION KNOCKED UP HIS ARM. AND A BALL WHIZZED OVER MY HEAD. HE HAD TAKEN MY BODY FOR THAT OF THE WOLF.



ANOTHER SIGHTED THE ANIMAL AS IT SLUNK AWAY, AND A SHOT FOLLOWED. IT DISAPPEARED AMONGST THE SNOW-CLAD CYPRESSES.



SOME OF THE SOLDIERS KNELT BESIDE ME AND POURED BRANDY DOWN MY THROAT. WHEN THE OTHERS CAME, SAYING THEY HAD NOT FOUND THE WOLF...

A WOLF-- AND YET NOT A WOLF!

NO USE TRYING FOR HIM WITHOUT THE SACRED BULLET.

THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE BROKEN MARBLE. IS HE SAFE? LOOK AT HIS THROAT! THE WOLF HAS BEEN KEEPING HIS BLOOD WARM.



THE OFFICER LOOKED AT MY THROAT.

LET US LEAVE THIS CURSED SPOT.

THE SKIN IS NOT PIERCED. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE FOUND HIM BUT FOR THE YELPING OF THE WOLF.



SEVERAL MEN PLACED ME UPON A HORSE. THE OFFICER SPRANG TO THE SADDLE BEHIND ME. I FELL ASLEEP; THE NEXT THING I REMEMBERED WAS FINDING MYSELF STANDING UP, SUPPORTED BY TWO SOLDIERS. IT WAS DAYLIGHT.

SAY NOTHING EXCEPT THAT WE FOUND AN ENGLISH STRANGER, GUARDED BY A LARGE DOG.

I THINK I KNOW A WOLF WHEN I SEE ONE. LOOK AT HIS THROAT. IS THAT THE WORK OF A DOG?



I WAS THEN MOUNTED BEHIND A TROOPER, AND WE RODE ON TO THE SUBURBS OF MUNICH. HERE WE CAME ACROSS A CARRIAGE, WHICH TOOK ME TO THE QUATRE SAISONS -- THE YOUNG OFFICER ACCOMPANYING ME.



WHEN WE ARRIVED, HERR DELBRÜCK RUSHED SO QUICKLY TO MEET ME THAT IT WAS APPARENT HE HAD BEEN WAITING. THE OFFICER SALUTED ME AND WAS TURNING TO WITHDRAW, WHEN ...



NO, NO, MY FRIEND! COME TO MY ROOMS!

OVER A GLASS OF WINE I WARMLY THANKED HIM AND HIS BRAVE COMRADES FOR SAVING ME.

I AM MORE THAN GLAD, BUT IT WAS HERR DELBRÜCK WHO TOOK THE FIRST STEPS TO MAKE ALL THE SEARCHING PARTY PLEASED.



AT THIS THE MAÎTRE D HOTEL SMILED, WHILE THE OFFICER PLEADED DUTY AND WITHDREW.

BUT HERR DELBRÜCK, IT THAT THE SOLDIERS SEARCHED FOR ME?

I OBTAINED LEAVE FROM THE COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT IN WHICH I SERVED TO ASK FOR VOLUNTEER. THE DRIVER CAME HITHER WITH THE REMAINS OF HIS CARRIAGE, WHICH WAS UPSET WHEN THE HORSES RAN AWAY.



BUT SURELY YOU WOULD NOT SEND A SEARCH-PARTY OF SOLDIERS MERELY ON THIS ACCOUNT?

OH, NO! I HAD THIS TELEGRAM FROM THE BOYAR WHOSE GUEST YOU ARE.



TELEGRAM

BISTRITZ
BE CAREFUL OF MY GUEST. SHOULD HE BE MISSED, SPARE NOTHING TO FIND HIM AND INSURE HIS SAFETY. HE IS ENGLISH AND THEREFORE ADVENTUROUS. THERE ARE OFTEN DANGERS FROM SNOWS AND WOLVES AT NIGHT. I ANSWER YOUR ZEAL WITH MY FORTUNE.

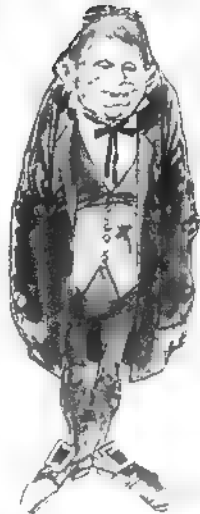
DRACULA

THE ROOM SEEMED TO WHIRL AROUND ME. FROM A DISTANT COUNTRY HAD COME, IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME, A MESSAGE THAT TOOK ME OUT OF THE JAWS OF THE WOLF.



THUS BEGAN THE WORLD FAMOUS TALE OF DRACULA.

THE END



WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THESE
VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF
EERIE IN YOUR PRIVATE
MAGAZINE COLLECTION?



#2



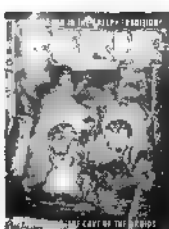
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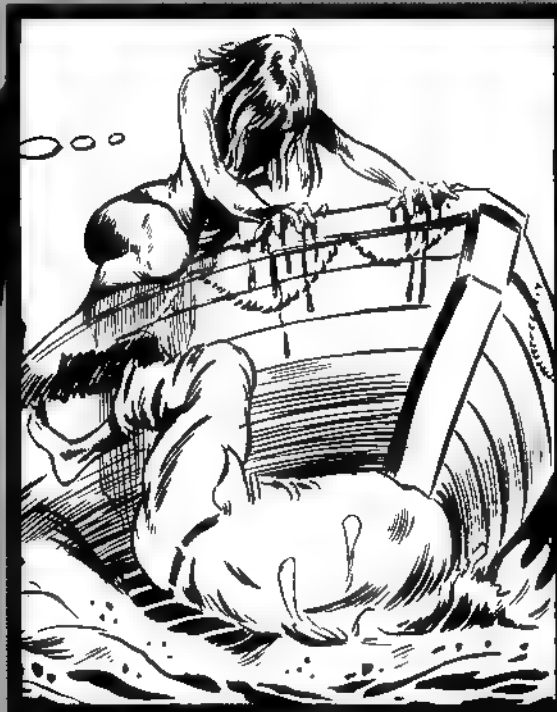
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HI THERE! WELCOME TO THE COOLEST
GIRL-MEETS-GHOUL MAG ON THE MARKET!

MY NAME'S **VAMPIRELLA**. I'M THE **NEWEST** THING
IN COMIC MAGAZINES! AND IF YOU TAKE ME HOME
WITH YOU, **YOU CAN CALL ME... VAMPI.** (THAT'S
IF I DON'T CALL YOU FIRST!) I'VE PUT OUT THE
CALL TO ALL THE CREEPIEST EERIEST ARTISTS IN
THE COUNTRY (AND YOU KNOW WHAT COUNTRY:
TRANSYLVANIA!)... AND IT'LL BE A **BLOODY** PITY IF

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DOESN'T GET THE WORD ABOUT
THIS WAY-OUT MAG OF FANTASTIC
FEMALES! MY **AMAZING**
ADVENTURES EXPLODE HERE
EXCLUSIVELY EVERY ISSUE AND
IN ADDITION YOU GET HALF A
DOZEN OTHER SOCK-IT-TO-
YOU **SHOCKERS** FOR GALS
AND GUYS WHO'RE WISE
TO THE BEST IN **BEWITCH-
ING COMICS!** WHAT MORE
DO YOU WANT- **BLOOD?**
YOU GOT IT! GET

VAMPIRELLA
MAGAZINE!!



THERE IS NO NEED FOR SURRENDER EARTHMAN!-
WE COME IN PEACE! WE ONLY WISH TO SPEAK
WITH YOU!- COME OUT GIRLS!



CHECK YOUR HEARTBEAT BEFORE READING
THIS MAGAZINE AND IF IT HASN'T RISEN 100 BEATS
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DOWN (IF YOU **CAN** LAY IT DOWN!) YOU NEED A
TRANSPLANT AND WE WILL GIVE YOU ONE FREE.
JUST TEAR OFF THE **TOP OF YOUR HEAD**
AND MAIL IT TO ME, **VAMPIRELLA**, CARE OF THE
GHOST OFFICE IF YOU'RE MY KINDA BIRD OR
BOYFRIEND, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR MIND OVER ME
ANYWAY, SO... **LOOK! READ! GASP! SHIVER!**
OVER THIS **FIRST COLLECTOR'S EDITION!!**



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ING COMICS!** WHAT MORE
DO YOU WANT- **BLOOD?**
YOU GOT IT! GET

VAMPIRELLA
MAGAZINE!!



AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET THE WAY THAT WOLF JUST STARED AT ME...WHEN IT COULD HAVE ATTACKED!

I HAD THE SAME FEELING, WHEN IT ATTACKED ME...



THERE IS NO NEED FOR SURRENDER EARTHMAN! WE COME IN PEACE! WE ONLY WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU! - COME OUT GIRLS!



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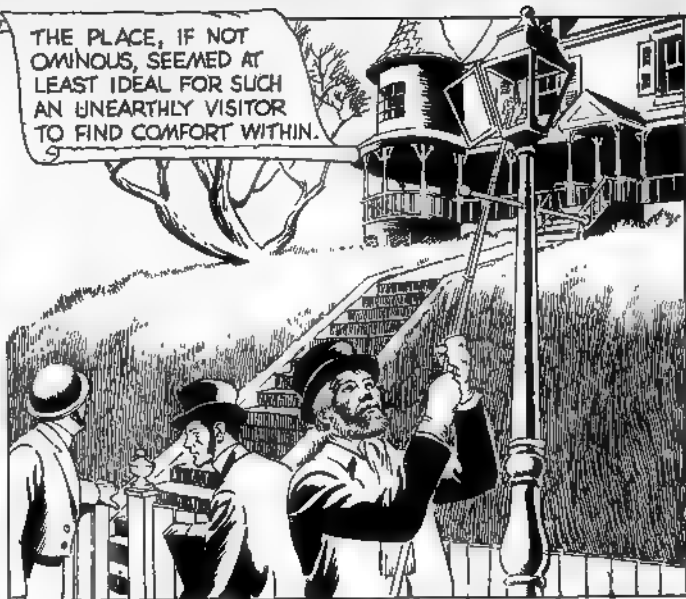
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FINNIUS WIGGERS SENSED AT ONCE THAT THE OLD VAN WEEPER HOUSE WOULD PROVIDE A PERFECT SANCTUARY FOR... **A GHOST!**



THE PLACE, IF NOT OMINOUS, SEEMED AT LEAST IDEAL FOR SUCH AN UNEARTHLY VISITOR TO FIND COMFORT WITHIN.



FOR... CONTRARY TO THE BELIEF THAT INTRUDERS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD, ACTUALLY PREFERRED THE LONELY SHAMBLES OF DECAYED MANSIONS TO INHABIT...



...THE HUGE DWELLING IN WHICH LADY VAN WEEPER LIVED, WAS MOST SUITABLE FOR ANY MISCHIEVOUS SPECTRE TO FROLIC THROUGH.



NEVER-THE-LESS, INSCRUTABLE STUDY HAD SATISFIED FINNIUS AND HIS ASSISTANT, DR. ERIC GORDON, WITH A MOST THOROUGH METHOD OF DEALING WITH THESE PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

THE GREATEST PROBLEM, ONE WHICH HAD TAKEN YEARS TO SOLVE, WAS SIMPLY... ALL GHOSTS WHILE GENERALLY BEING UNINVITED AND UNWANTED, TO ALL BUT A VERY FEW... WERE ALSO **UNSEEN!**



B...O...O! YOUR GHOST HOST HAS REALLY GOT A LOT OF A PLOT TO **WRAP** YOU UP IN THIS TIME...SHOCK FLOCK! SEEMS A CERTAIN **NO BODY** IS SCARIN' THE SHIVERS OUT OF SOMEBODY WHO THINKS THE FINK HAS STAKED OUT THE...

WRONG TENNANT



CLEARLY, OUR FIFTY SEVENTH I BELIEVE. TOUGH CASE THAT ONE. ALMOST COST ME MY NECK.



FAIRLY SHREWD THESE SPECTRES...NO TELLING WHAT THEY MIGHT BE UP TO AT TIMES.



YES, I CAN SEE THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH A REAL TROUBLE-MAKER. WELL DR. GORDON, WE MAY AS WELL GET STARTED.



WHAT DID I TELL YOU! IT GETS MORE VIOLENT EACH NIGHT. PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO SET FOOT IN THE HOUSE.



WHILE I'M GETTING THE EQUIPMENT SET UP MY ASSISTANT WILL SECURE ALL THE WINDOWS. WE DON'T WANT THE INTRUDER SLIPPING OUT.



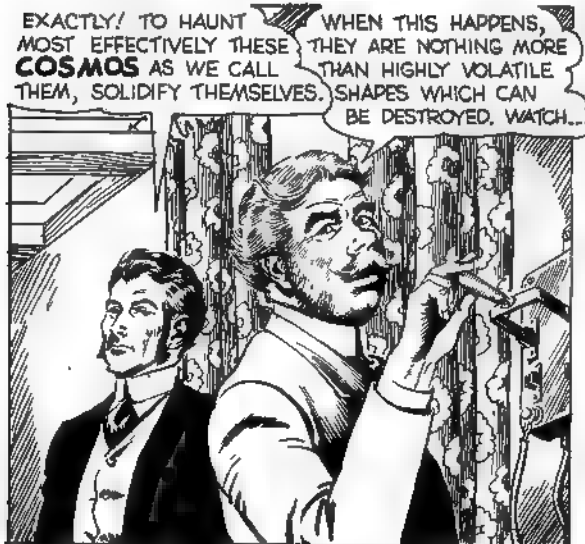
AS GHOST HUNTERS, DR. GORDON AND I SEEM TO FAVOR MIDNIGHT AS THE BEST MOMENT TO LEAVE THEIR WORLD ABOUT THESE PHANTASMS AND ENTER OURS.



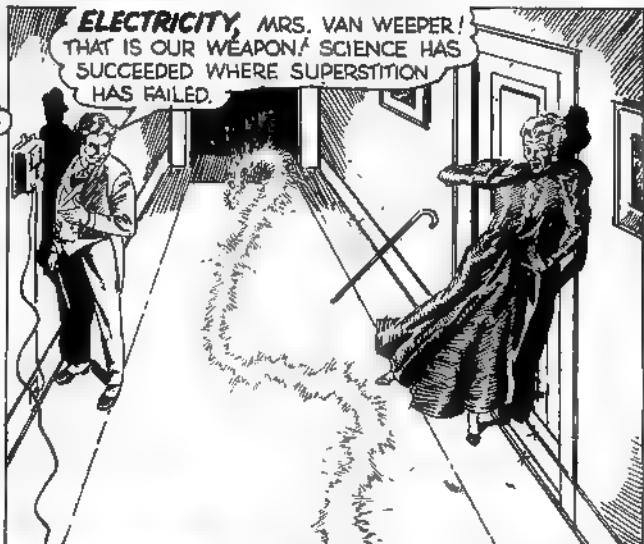
FOR ANOTHER, ALL GHOSTS ARE IMMORTAL WHILE THEY REMAIN INVISIBLE, BUT THEY MUST CONDENSE THEMSELVES WHEN THEY APPEAR.



EXACTLY! TO HAUNT WHEN THIS HAPPENS, MOST EFFECTIVELY THESE THEY ARE NOTHING MORE **COSMOS** AS WE CALL THAN HIGHLY VOLATILE THEM, SOLIDIFY THEMSELVES. SHAPES WHICH CAN BE DESTROYED. WATCH...

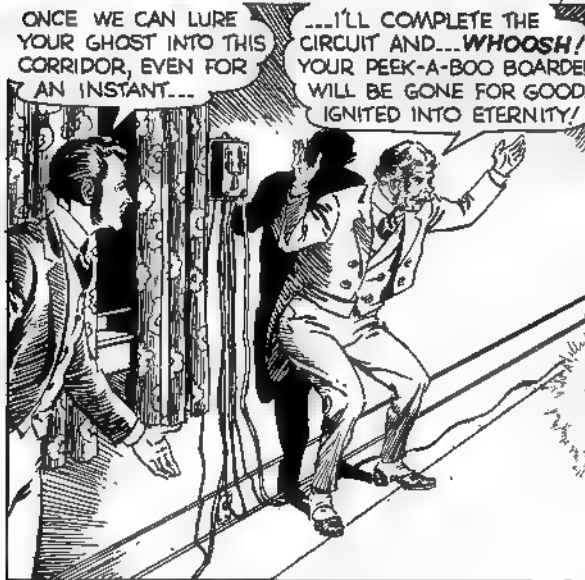


ELECTRICITY, MRS. VAN WEEPER! THAT IS OUR WEAPON! SCIENCE HAS SUCCEEDED WHERE SUPERSTITION HAS FAILED.



ONCE WE CAN LURE YOUR GHOST INTO THIS CORRIDOR, EVEN FOR AN INSTANT...

...I'LL COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT AND...**WHOOSH!** YOUR PEEK-A-BOO BOARDER WILL BE GONE FOR GOOD. IGNITED INTO ETERNITY!



AND GOOD RIDDANCE TO IT!



NOW THE MANTLE CLOCK
HAD TOLLED A FINAL
WARNING THROUGH THE HOUSE...
AND ONLY A FEEBLE CRUMBLING
OF HEARTHSTONE ASHES, FELL
UPON THE INCANDESCENT
SILENCE.

WAS THAT THE PRANKING
OF THE WIND THEN,
FLOATING LIKE SOME
SIGHTLESS MOTH...
BETWEEN THE FABRIC
OF THE DRAPES?

OR SOMETHING PERHAPS FROM
ANOTHER EXISTENCE?





LATER ...

IT'S THAT THING...

I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN, ONE DAY. THE MOUSE HAS CAUGHT ON TO THE GAME.

WHAT'S THAT ABOUT A MOUSE, MR. WIGGERS?

OR A GHOST! THE POINT BEING THAT IF YOU KEEP USING THE SAME BAIT, SOONER OR LATER THE RUSE WON'T WORK.



YOU'RE SAYING THE GHOST **KNEW** WHAT YOU AND THE DOCTOR WERE UP TO?

PRECISELY...NOW IF YOU'LL REMAIN DOWN HERE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL TRY TO FINISH IT BEFORE IT FINISHES **US!**



SO YOU'VE DECIDED A SHOWDOWN...MURDERER!

HOW VERY PIOUS, MR. WIGGERS...YOU WHO UNFLINCHINGLY DESTROYED MORE THAN FIFTY OF US.



YOUR OWN FOOLISHNESS CAUSED DR. GORDON'S DEATH! CAN YOU NOT RECOGNIZE DOOM WHEN IT BECKONS!

YOU CANNOT FRIGHTEN ME, DEAD BEING...ENOUGH OF YOUR NONSENSE!



FOOL...YOU FIGHT THE SPIRIT OF FIFTY GHOSTS TO-NIGHT! GIVE UP YOUR HOPELESS FURY...

GASP...IT'S SUFFOCATING ME!
NO DEATH MARKS TO TELL THE
TALE...I'VE GOT TO GET UP...
GOT TO...



...DO THIS!!!

WAIT...DONT...DO...



EVEN DURING THE SUSPENDED
MOTION OF THAT LAST REFLEX,
FINNIUS REALIZED THAT HIS
HOPELESS MANUEVER HAD
WORKED. HIS OWN BODY CARRY-
ING THE SEARING VOLTAGE...
COMPLETED A HUMAN CIRCUIT AND
INSTANTLY INCINERATED HIS
FORMLESS OPPONENT!



FINNIUS STRUGGLED TO FOCUS
THE BLURRED FACE WHICH HUNG
ABOVE HIM. NUMBNESS ENFOLDED
EVERY FIBRE OF HIS BODY AND
ONLY HIS EYELIDS COULD RESPOND
TO HIS DULL DEMANDS. IT WAS
MRS. VAN WEEPER...



HE TRIED TO ABSORB THE
CLATTER OF HER VOICE, BUT
WORDS WERE USELESS TOKENS
AS HE WATCHED THE WRINKLED
SMILE, WIDEN ACROSS HER
WRINKLED LIPS. SUDDENLY
HE KNEW...!!!



DON'T TRY TO MOVE
MR. WIGGERS, I'M HAPPY
TO SAY MY UNINVITED TEN-
NANT HAS GONE, FOR GOOD!
POOR SOUL, IMAGINE COME-
ING BACK LIKE THAT TO
HAUNT ME.



THE GHOST HAD WANTED **REVENGE**...IT
CAME BACK TO DESTROY THE OLD WOMAN!
NOW HE COULD ONLY WATCH AS LADY VAN
WEEPER'S DROOLING FACE MOVED CLOSER
TO THE THROBBING JUGLAR IN HIS NECK!

THANK GOODNESS THAT'S
OVER...YOU KNOW I'M JUST
NOT WHAT I USED TO BE...
HEE...



YIPES! SEEMS OUR SLURPING
LITTLE SPINSTER WAS MORE OF
A PAIN IN THE NECK THAN
THAT GHOST, AFTER ALL. POOR
FINNIUS, FIRST HE GETS
FRIGHTENED, THEN ALMOST
FRYED...NO WONDER NOW HE'S
GONNA GET DRUNK...OR IS IT
DRANK?



THE END

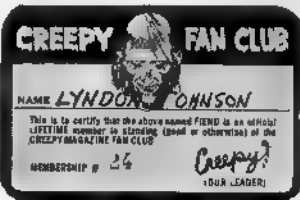
THE CREEPY FAN CLUB? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?!



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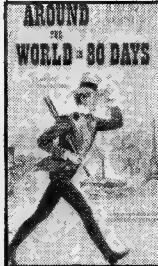
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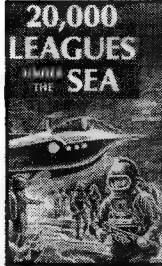
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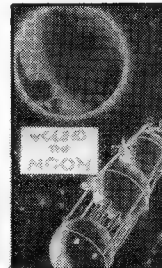
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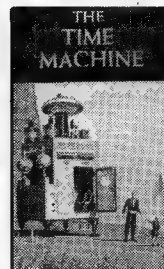
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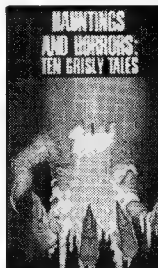
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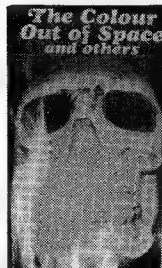
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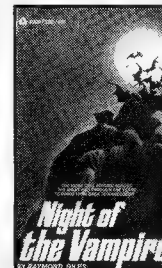
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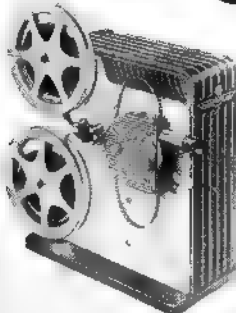
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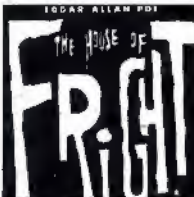
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